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I DREAM OF OTHER DAYS!

BY W. W. LONG.

I dream, I dream of other days,
When my young heart was free,
And brighter shone the summer sun
Upon the summer sea.
My thirsting heart in memory drinks
Draughts from the fair dead hours,
When life was bright, too bright for tears,
And hope was wreathed in flowers.

I dream of bright-eyed fairy forms,
And smiling lips now mute,
Whose lightest word fell like a sigh,
Or music from a lute.
But their bright eyes for aye are closed,
Their graves in moonlight sleep;
And I of all that joyous throng,
Am left alone to weep.

I dream of many a broken tie,
Of many a tender word:
Echoes upon the sea of Time,
They'll near again be heard.
Oh, how the ghosts of happier hours
Start up before my gaze,
And, spectre-like, they haunt me now,
Those dreams of other days.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. VICAT'S answer to this outburst was another shrug of the shoulders, given with intense contempt, while Harold glanced at the woman with a kind of horror, his mind full of troubled thoughts as to the result of her threat if she carried it out. In Estrild's present state of gloomy grief, incalculable mischief might follow her foolish, injudicious outpourings. The idea struck him that it might be possible to send her thoughts flying on another task.

"I dare say the gentleman you saw will call on you again, and apologize for his abrupt visit," he said; "and then you can ask him as many questions as you please, respecting his resemblance to this old portrait, which doubtless represents a remote ancestor of his. I should surmise that he is a member of some collateral branch of the Carbonellis family. But why he should take it upon himself to request your presence at Langarth is a mystery I cannot fathom. All the rest appears to me simple enough."

"Well, perhaps, after all, he came in without knocking because he found the door open," responded Mrs. Vicat, in her childish way.

"Decidedly, I should say," said Harold, smiling in spite of all the care gnawing at his heart.

"I know of no collateral branch of the Carbonellis family," observed Mr. Vicat. "Do you?"

Harold made no reply, for at that moment the door was opened by old Prior, who announced that lunch was served in the dining-room—a fact which made Mr. and Mrs. Vicat arise and follow him with cheerful alacrity.

Left alone, Harold took up the picture to replace it against the wall—for it had been carried to the window—and in doing this a slip of vellum or parchment fell from the broken frame. It was still in tolerable preservation; and on opening it carefully, he read this doggrel written in black-letter or old English:

"When Cumberland and Cornwall meet,
When man than horse shall prove more fleet,
The rider lose, yet the race be won,
Then hate by love shall be outdone,
The curse I leave at last shall cease,
And an unblest spirit rest in peace."

"This was doubtless written in the days of witchcraft, when prophets were no mean poets," said Harold to himself. "Now, shall I put it back into its old place, or burn it?"

He decided on the first, not without a vague feeling of superstition, to which he yielded unwillingly, calling it in his own mind a mere veneration for the antique. To this reverence for antiquity he also attributed his copying the lines in his pocket-book before he carefully replaced the slip of parchment between the panel and the back of the painting, whence it had fallen.

"At all events, I will take care that Estrild never hears of this rhyming jumble of impossible events," he said, as he hastened out on his quest for a suitable boat and pilot.

* * * * * *

Daniel Pascoe was a wiry, weather-beaten old salt, with face brown as tanned leather, and hands full of sinews and knots which had a grip of iron in their strength. He was sitting on the beach at Langarth, on an empty cask placed in the teeth of the wind, which he seemed to enjoy as he smoked his short, black pipe.

"So you want to overtake the cutter," he said. "Well, my boat can do that—only give her a fair wind. There's a good capful brewing in the soy to-night; and, being January, you see, most likely it'll be a nor'-wester. Will that wind suit you?"

"That's more than I can say till I know which way the cutter has sailed. Michael, you must go up to the Coastguard station and inquire."

"And do 'ee think they'll tell 'ee up there, even if they know?" asked Daniel, taking his pipe from his lips to blow out a long whiff of smoke. "They be poor critturs with regard to sense, the Coastguard men, though I won't say they can't fight when called on. Michael, my son, there edn't no call for thee to go up to the station to ax where the cutter es. I reckon ye knows well enough what folks keep a good look-out as to the whereabouts of this 'ere craft."

"Well," returned Michael, "I reckon I do. You see, sir, them that have a venture out at sea be the most likely wauns to know where a craft be that they need to keep clear of like; and, of so be, Dan'l has got a mind to speik out, as, being among sure friends, he will, we two needn't go no furder to ax questions."

"That's so," said Daniel, with a queer twinkle coming into his deep-set gray eyes. "And time was when no surer friends to fair trade was to be found anywhere than among the ould squires of Langarth; and for their sakes, if you've got a mind to come so close, sir, I'll take 'ee right athwart the cutter's gun—the same ould gun as they fired last night, may be five minutes or so too late to do anything 'en 'cept to waste powder;" and here Daniel shook the ashes out of his pipe, and refilled it with a pleasant air of satisfaction.

"And so you positively know where the cutter is cruising?" asked Harold.

Daniel nodded.

"I reckon if we sail right for the coast of Brittany, and stand off Morlaix Harbor, we shall see that there craft lurking round waiting for a barque that'll sail out of another port about fifty mile away. But Ca'pen Armstrong, he had sure word, you know"—and a gleam shot into the old smuggler's eyes—"that the 'Swift' would run into Morlaix, so there we shall find 'un for sartain."

"Ah, I fear that false information has cost Mr. Carbonellis his life!" said Harold sorrowfully.

"We are pewerly sorry, one and all," returned Daniel, "for that poor job; but et edn't a sin that can be laid to our charge. There's waun aboard the cutter who have goet that blood upon his mind, and, be he innocent or guilty, I reckon blood makes a red stain that years ean't wipe out. Ef the Squire had stood by his awn people, he'd be safe and well this minute."

"I won't say that," put in Michael, "for a sure token came to Langarth laest night that death was on the road for a Carbonellis."

"Ah, I heard tell of that, too!" Daniel said. "And 'tis a mystery past book-larning, that ex. There's heaps of gentry says 'tis aal a lie, but it comes and it goes aal the same, though argyments enough be thrawed at it to blow et into gunpowder. But we knaw, my dears, though twenty years or more may go by, and forgetfulness be springing up with the grass on the Langarth graves, yet when a Carbonellis' time has come, the Black Rider, ex as sure to be here as that death comes along with him."

Harold had remained silent, in the hope that by letting the two men converse freely he should gain some knowledge that would prove hopeful to him, but now he interrupted them eagerly.

"Has that horseman never been followed?" he asked. "Has no one ever had sense or courage enough to take horse and ride after him, and discover the road he takes on leaving Langarth?"

"No living man has ever done that yet," said Michael; "though I've heard say that many have tried to overtake him both in coming and going, but they've always failed. He slips away out of sight like a ghost or a sperrit; and some say he is that laest."

"I can vouch for his being no ghost," returned Harold, "for he came across the Torpoint passage in the same boat with me."

This assertion made old Daniel look at him with curious searching eyes.

"Did you touch him, sir?" he asked.

"No, though I felt inclined to handle him, and rather roughly, too."

"Ah, sir, if you didn't touch him, you caon't be sartain he wasn't a sperrit! Sight ez a deceiving sense; 'tes when we handle things that we knaw what they be made of. Now, there've been times at sea when I've glimpsed a ship in the offing, aal sails set, and signal flying for a pilot, and I've seen her plain as I see the sun now in the sky; but when I've tried to run alongside her and board her, then she faded away. Her sails have fell down waun by waun, and she'd seem to sink slow into the sea, till there was aunly a bubble of foam and a curl of spray to show where she had gone down."

Here the old man paused to note the effect of his words, and then continued:

"Then I knew there'd be a wreck of some good ship near by, and I've stood off and on, waiting for it, and saved many a dear life that way. But now, sir, to come back to business," he said, checking himself suddenly; "I hope you understand that I don't bargain for more than to bring 'ee in sight of the cutter. I caen't board her and take the man 'ee want. I reckon 'twould be more'n a justice could do, for sea-law ean't land-law. Even in Plymouth Sound, I've heerd say, the Mayor of Saltash es the aunly man that can board a King's ship with warrants; and he must go out in a boat with his silver mace that Queen Anne give'd un."

"And that would be no good, I reckon, in French waters," interposed Michael, "where the 'Alert' will be cruising."

"Right you are, my son," said Daniel.

"See here," exclaimed Harold, chafing with impatience—"I am not going out with a warrant and a constable. I should waste hours in the endeavor to arm myself with such legal aids, and perhaps, as you say, I should find them useless. I leave all that matter to the Coroner, who will do his duty doubtless. But I am resolved he shall have a fair chance of executing his duty. The assassin on board the 'Alert' shall not be landed in France and escape without, at least, my being cognizant of the fact, if I cannot prevent it."

"So you think, sir, Captain Armstrong will put this man ashore on the Brittany coast?"

"I fear it. And I will find out whether or no he has committed that crime."

"I don't reckon he'd venture 'pon sich a course," said Daniel slowly. "He houlds the King's commission, so he's answerable to two courts for his good conduct—court-martial, you see, and court of law. Ef he comes back to England, he's bound to bring that man 'long with him. Being captain of his own snip, he's bail for him like now to the law."

"Daniel, I grant your good reasoning, but I feel that Captain Armstrong will fling every consideration overboard rather than not save the miserable man."

"I never argify agin feelin's," said Daniel, pulling a huge silver watch from his fob and looking at it grimly, "nor yet agin facts. Now the cutter have had six hours' start; but, since she's the slowest auld tub in the navy, I reckon I can catch her afore she gets near enough to the French coast to send a boat ashore—more by token that the wind have been agin her aal day, and is aunly now shifting to the nor'-west. I can be ready in an hour, sir, if you can."

"Less time if you like," returned Harold eagerly.

"No; an hour sir—na more and no less. I like to victual my boat before I go to sea, and I've to get my man and boy ready. You can slaip when you get aboard, sir. I can see that is the first thing you want;" and Daniel glanced pitifully at the young man's fagged, weary looks.

"You are sure the 'Alert' cannot send a boat ashore till she gets off Morlaix?" reiterated Harold anxiously.

"Ef you knowed the Brittany coast as I do, you wouldn't be uneasy on that score, sir. And Morlaix lies four miles up the river—a long tug for a boat's crew—and we could follow if you liked. Any way, when we waunce sight the 'Alert' no boat can leave her without our knowledge."

"That's all I care for," returned Harold. "Let me once get the cutter in view, I'll never leave her till she is in an English port, and not then till I see that man taken out of Captain Armstrong's hands and put in gaol."

Daniel nodded quietly, as if he thought Harold's present state of mind past reasoning with, and only to be soothed by giving him his own way.

"I'll bring the 'Curlew' round to Morvah Cove in an hour, sir," he said as Harold strode away.

"All right," Harold answered.

"That's the cove where we landed this morning, sir," said Michael.

"And the caves from the park run down to that beach. Can we go home that way now," asked Harold.

"Ef the tide be low enough still, sir. But et is a rugged way and through black darkness."

"But your father got to the beach this morning by that road, Michael, so I suppose I can traverse it too?"

"Oh, father knows every inch and every turn of the caves; and he didn't think of darkness, I reckon, this morning when he came through them!"

A few minutes' rapid walking brought them to the lonely white beach on which they had landed in the low morning sun with their sorrowful burden. All around lay a wan wilderness of gray rock, with tangles here and there of long seaweed, and small clear pools holding pale sunlight. And among them, rushing to and

fro, fell the soft surges of the sea, bearing in their sound all the sorrow of the years to come.

With thoughts within him as troubled as the waves on which he looked, Harold stood for a moment to gaze on the heaving desert of waters that stretched away to the dim horizon. Then he turned to the rocks and noted the long reef that lay like a petrified giant lifting gran hands of stone among the shallow waves, as if to guard the little harbor he had sheltered.

"It is like Jaffa," said Harold to himself. Then there rushed into his mind a thousand memories of Tristram, and of that pilgrimage to Palestine in which he had joined him—the wild chant of the Arabs, the weird chorus of the mule-drivers, the mournful cry of the camels who labored beneath their loads; all seemed borne to his feet in the mingled roar of many waters dashing upon the pale rocks around him.

And, surging all about his heart like the waves upon the cliff, a multitude of sorrows oppressed him. Only yesterday his happiness stood on a sure foundation; today it was shaken and ready to fall into ruin. Was it possible that Tristram's life had meant love, peace, joy, and that all these were snatched away by his death? Surely not!

He would strive for his love with all the force of his soul, and his own strong hand and heart should defend her from the evil that threatened her.

That pilgrimage to Palestine, whose pictures and memories kept passing through his mind, mingling with the surge of the sea and with Estrild's image, which, phantom-like, flitted upon every remembered mountain and plain—could it be possible that Tristram had undertaken it, not with the light mind of a modern man, but with the faith of ancient days, with the secret latent hope that, if he came with the heart of a true pilgrim to these holy places, the curse of which he never spoke that lay upon his race might be taken away?

Viewed in the light of all this new-fallen sorrow, threaded as it was with a dark line of superstition, this hidden motive for his journey seemed to Harold to break through all the light talk and laughter of that time, and to stand like a gloomy spectre beside his friend in those serious hours when dangers beset them, or when thoughts too deep for words, like a cloud of witnesses, fell upon them as their feet trod on sacred ground.

Then, too, with a startled sense of something fateful, there broke upon his mind the memory of that wild mournful chant which, like a funeral march, had followed the step of their pilgrimage.

Ah, it was sad to think that now, with sorrowful dim eyes, he could look into his friend's brave heart and on the gloom that had shrouded it, and understand even somewhat vaguely how every note of that wild music must have struck an echo in his soul which rose from graves? And through it all he had kept silent, perhaps clasping faintly some new hope of life, some thin trust of escape from his doom, or perchance, in deeper despondency, battling with the shadow of death.

"And shall I let Estrild fall into such a snare of darkness as this?" said Harold to himself. "Shall I permit her to imagine in the depth of her grief that some mysterious fate has seized upon her brother, a fate which will now pursue herself? No; I may be going on a blind, useless chase, but I will follow it to the end, and fling this shadow from her life as surely as I live myself. This stupid mystery, which would fall to pieces before investigation, shall not stand an hour longer than I can help. Not to fight against it would be to allow the thing to grow, and build a wall of separation between us. Ah, it has cast a shadow of coldness already in our love."

Thoughts run fast, but words are slow in telling them. All these memories and feelings had coursed through Harold's mind with lightning swiftness as he traversed the white sands and paused now at a narrow cleft in the rocks where Michael stood awaiting him.

"This is the entrance to the cavern; stoop low, sir, as you come in."

Harold did so, and found himself in a narrow passage with white glistening sand underfoot, and having on either side a wall of jagged rock, and above a roof of rock so low that he had to keep his head bent as he walked slowly along.

The light from the opening stole through it with a subdued softness, and the rush of the waves without sounded like the far off echo of some distant sea. A clear stream ran through the white pebbles with sweet, tinkling music, as though rejoicing in having at last fought its way to its fond ocean love.

"No horseman could ever pass through this place," said Harold, in a tone full of disappointment.

Michael, who was leading the way, turned and stared at him.

"No man straddled on a horse would ever try sich a path, I reckon," he answered. "Why, he'd knock his head to jouds en two minutes, and, as for a hoss, ef he waunce got on here, he'd have to be cut up on lerrups afore he could be got out again."

In the dim light Harold paused and looked behind him. The cleft by which they had entered seemed now no broader than his hand; the sea beyond it was a narrow strip of undulating blue—a passing sea-gull shut it from his sight.

"I fancied, Michael, that queer fellow-traveller of mine might have ridden away through this place, but I see now it is impossible."

"Aw, my dear," said Michael, in his soft, caressing Cornish voice, "that's a whist notion, sure 'nough. And you haven't come to the ogliest bit of road yet. Ef the hoss now was a ghost like the man, I wouldn't say nauthing agin' such a fancy; but as it is—lor, I've seed men most nigh to break their hearts in roulling kegs along the oogly place we're coming to, and a hoss would brak his neck the fust step he took, ef the life wasn't knacked out ef 'un afore he got there. Here we are! Now, sir, you strave to find your way on, will 'ee?"

But apparently a black impenetrable wall of rock rose before them, barring the road, and hemming them in on every side save by the one narrow passage through which some faint light still reached them.

"I should say there was no road to find, Michael; but I suppose there is, since somehow the park can be reach this way."

"Bide a bit till I've struck a light," said Michael, taking a tinder-box from his pocket, and forthwith eliciting sparks with flint and steel. And, when at last the tinder caught fire and he blew into it to increase its power and catch the flame upon the sulphur match, Harold felt the wildness of the scene more vividly, and watched the play of yellow light on Michael's handsome face with a mysterious sense of having beheld all this before in a dream-picture, or in some far off time forgotten.

"Now, sir, please follow me," and Michael ascended three or four rugged unhewn steps or ridges in the solid rock; then suddenly he bent his head and disappeared.

He had passed through a rent or fissure in the rocky wall, and, on following him, Harold found himself in a large cavern black with a darkness made more horrible by a hoarse murmur which rolled around the walls like approaching thunder.

"The tide has followed us fast," Michael said, "and 'tis a rough sea running through that narrow road behind us now. Ah, my dear sir, many's the time I've seed some rare good stuff stowed away in this here place—a safe place, too, it used to be on the ould times!"

"Safe indeed, I should say," returned Harold, looking round the cave as Michael, with all the satisfaction of a guide, lighted numerous matches and held them aloft. "I should be sorry, as a Preventive-service man, to find myself pursuing smugglers into this hole."

"And a man might be trapped here, sir, like a rat ef the tide was coming in. Why, on haaf a minute or so from this time the sea will be pouring through that there rift we've crept through, like a tearing flood. And in rough winds and high tides the sea howls and roars round here till a man's heart grows faint with fear to hear it. There is aunly waun escape out of this here cave in high tide; and, ef the smugglers looked that away, any man shut in here was a dead man as sure as there's death in drowning."

As he spoke, a shower of spray dashed through the cleft in the rock-wall, followed by the swift rush and roar of the wave as it fell back from the grim barrier which, for a moment, still restrained its onward fury.

"I reckon we'd best waaste no more time," observed Michael, "aunless we've got a mind to be drowned corpses. The sea don't wait for any man's talk, even ef 'twas Solomon hisself praiching. Here's the ladder, sir; hould on to it for bare life, and come along quick. The tide is roaring in, hungering for our lives."

It was true that the sea-spray, which had sprinkled their faces with its salt touch, had been quickly followed by wave upon wave, which rushed through the cleft in the rocks and fell down upon the floor of the cave with a roar that filled it as with echoing, deafening thunder. It was a relief to find themselves above the devouring, rolling, creeping death, whose inrushing sound, in its mighty strength, bewildered the senses.

The upper cave, which was entered from beneath by the ladder up which they had climbed, was not totally dark; a faint, diffused light glimmered through it, and along its sandy floor the same little stream ran, which by some unseen course pursued its way among the dark windings of rocks, till it reappeared in the passage that they had first traversed. From there it made its final way to its goal, the all-devouring sea.

"Now, I reckon, sir," observed Michael, "you do feel pretty sure by this time, that no four-footed beast in nature could ever get——"

"I am quite satisfied on that point. I am only wondering why the ladder is left there. A man could leave his horse and escape that way."

"Well, he might," returned Michael, pondering it, "ef he knowed the way, and ef the tide suited. As for the ladder, 'tean't no harm to laive it there now. 'Twould be aisy enough to pull et up and drown a Coastguard chap any time waun had a mind to. It stands there very handy, you see."

Michael said this in his sweetest, most caressing tone, as if it would be a kind deed thus to trap a Preventive man.

"'Tean't a heavy ladder to left, neither," he continued, as he walked on. "Waun pair of hands would do it. But, lor', there ean't no call to discourse over this ladder nowadays, for, I reckon, all our good times be over!"

"Didn't a heavy sea sometimes roll the casks about and smash them, in those good times, Michael?"

"Never that I heerd tell of, sir. When the tide went out, they was always right and tight as drums, aunly they warn't empty, like those high-sounding things."

During this talk the light had perceptibly increased about them, they were no longer only a voice to each other, sounding curiously loud among the dark echoes, but two stalwart figures, now visible to the eyes of each.

Though the light was still dim and veiled, it was clear enough to show the wildness of the place, its grim and savage grandeur, its huge bare rocks, and its tinkling stream passing on into darkness, like a voice singing as it went slowly down to the depths of death.

Another moment, another sharp turn, and a blaze of light dazzled their unaccustomed eyes. Long fronds of dark green fern hung from the roof, and shorter tufts clung to the sides, and green mosses were beneath their feet, and the stream bubbled and quivered with the sun's life, which it gave back to the flowers on its brink.

Right before them was a sort of natural archway, through which was seen, not a glade of the park, as Harold had expected, but a long reach of the sea, glistening with many colors, and tossing its cloud-shadows from wave to wave.

Framed, as it was, by the rocky arch, the picture was divine, as though touched by the mysterious glory which fell from the face of the heavens, as it mirrored itself in the shining waters.

In spite of the heaviness hanging about his heart, Harold was touched by the beautiful scene, and, shading his eyes with his hand, he stood for a moment contemplating it in silence.

On emerging from the arch he found himself on the very verge of the cliff, and checked himself almost in consternation.

Michael smiled at his dismay.

"You thought these caves ran inland, sir, but all along they're only just inside the cliff. Please to walk carefully—a false step might throw 'ee down 'pon the rocks below, and you'd have to be picked up in a basket then, I reckon."

"I should like to sit here through a summer day, Michael," said Harold, turning away reluctantly—"if I were happy, and Estrild were by my side," he added mentally, with a retrospective sigh.

They turned sharply from the sea by a narrow path skirting a projecting rock, and then there stretched before their view a singularly rocky valley or chasm which ran up through the park, narrowing slightly in its inland course.

It was a strange freak of nature, a frightful rent in the green earth, showing the iron sides of the dark cliffs which towered up on either side in gray precipitous walls fringed towards their summit by clinging bushes of gorse and hanging tufts of heath and sea-pinks.

Down in the lowest deep of the gorge meandered the stream whose soft silent power had doubtless wrought this miraculous path for itself through the solid rock. It ran on almost in darkness, with no green edge of verdure to embellish its border, except where here and there a tuft of fern waved its delicate fronds over its waters.

"How are we to get out of this place?" asked Harold, as he gazed up the chasm with eyes seeking for an outlet.

"There are steps by the waterfall at the head of the combe," returned Michael. "The Mermaid's Well is there. 'Tis a whisht place, but Miss Estrild dearly loves to sit there. And look—there she is now!"

And through a mist of spray rising from a cascade which like a glistening white thread fell over a dark wall of cliff Harold saw a slight figure bending towards him and beckoning with slender hand.

With a great bound of the heart which sent a glow of joy through all his veins, Harold strode on rapidly, leaving Michael far behind.

CHAPTER X.

AT the end of the gorge, towards which Harold now hastened there rose a sheer wall of rock, as clean-cut and precipitous as though it formed the side of a quarry hewn out by human hands. Over this there dashed a white thread of water, which fell into a natural basin below with a haze of foam and rush of sound, ere it wandered onwards in its course through the wild ravine to the sea.

Slightly hidden by the cloud of spray, Estrild stood near the waterfall and held out both her hands to Harold with a wan smile.

Harold caught them in his nervously, and looked into her eyes with the anxious gaze of a man who, for the first time, has felt the coldness of a falling shadow between him and his love. She met his look for an instant, then her eyes grew dark with unutterable grief, their lids drooped, her lips shook, and her cold hands were withdrawn from his.

"Estrild," Harold cried passionately, "is your heart so turned against me that you cannot even speak to me?"

For answer she raised her eyes to his in mute reproach, then suddenly caught his hand in a wild clasp, and, dropping it, laid her head on his shoulder and strained him in her arms with a cry of pain that went to his heart.

"Oh, my dearest—my dearest!" she murmured. "Never now to know how dear! Oh, Harold, cannot you feel the truth? We are parted—a shadow from the unseen world has come between us, and will separate us forever in this life! Oh, my dearest!"

In the excess of his joy and his sorrow—for both were with him—Harold trembled, and the arm that supported Estrild quivered beneath her soft touch.

"My dear love, your nerves are unstrung, and you are full of natural grief," he said soothingly. "Believe me, there is nothing can part you and me, seen or unseen. Trust me, be true to me, and I will prove the truth of my words with my life."

"I do trust you," she answered; "and I will trust you, no matter what wall of separation may be built up between us."

"Then, what is there to fear, darling? No separation can arise except through your own feelings changing, for mine can never alter."

"And do you think mine will?" she asked, in a trembling voice. "Do you think it was from want of love I seemed hard and cold when I saw Tristram lying dead before me?"

"My dearest, I cannot tell you what I thought. I was full of fear and pain. But we are reconciled, and you are mine again now, and no cold breath of unkindness shall ever touch us more."

Estrild raised her head and looked into his handsome, loving face with eyes full of unshed tears.

"It was not unkindness," she said, trying hard to steady her voice—"there shall never be unkindness between us—it—it was despair! Harold, hope and love are dead for me now. Last year I promised Tristram——"

But here her voice broke, and she clung to him trembling, all speech stayed in the renewed memory of that day's unhappiness and grief.

Harold supported her within his arm, his lips on her bent head in silence, feeling that one touch of love could give her more comfort than a thousand words. Thus he stood till the paroxysm of agony that shook her slight frame was passed and she could speak again.

Just as she was about to proceed Michael joined them; they did not start apart at his presence; they stood together, still with arms interlacing, for her weakness had need of his support.

"I reckon, sir," said Michael, "I'd best

fetch your things and carry them down to the beach to waunce. There won't be time for 'ee to go up to the house now."

"Yes, yes, Michael; ask your father to put up two or three requisites for me. And I'll join you by the cliff pathway in ten minutes."

"We'll be back, miss, to-morrow, I hope," said Michael, "ef we've goet a fair wind. And I'm going 'long with Mr. Olver, miss; and I promise 'ee there shan't no harm come to 'un that don't go through my body fust."

With a glance of deep pity for the fair young mistress who had no voice or strength to thank him, Michael hurried swiftly away.

"So it is true, and you are going in pursuit of the cutter?" Estrild said. "Is it my fault? Is it through me or for me that you undertake this danger?"

"My dear, there is no danger, and I go because I suspect Captain Armstrong of a design to screen a criminal. I confess that that alone is not my motive. I want to prove to you that—setting Providence apart—nothing has occurred that cannot be accounted for naturally."

For a moment Estrild was silent, then she said quietly—

"I understand all you think and feel, but you cannot understand all my feelings. You have not lived as I have, in the midst of death. Your reason, I know, is full of arguments against my gloom, but a thousand words will not do away with facts. Tristram is dead, and he has died, as all my people die, in circumstances of inexplicable mystery."

"But, my dear Estrild, if I prove the contrary, if I bring forward a whole ship's crew to bear witness to the manner of his death, surely you will believe it without mystery then?"

"If you can succeed in doing that, Harold, we shall not be parted; but my hope is very faint."

"See here, Estrild—we will not talk of parting. Success or failure, you are mine and I am yours for life. Such words from you discourage and dishearten me; at any other time but this I should think them cruel—I should know that they meant you no longer loved me."

"You must promise me never to attach that meaning to them again," she said earnestly. "You remember how unwilling I was to love you?"

"I remember it too well. And the love that it was so hard to win it would be harder still to lose," he answered.

"You will never lose it. The love that could conquer all the fears and doubts of my past life, is not a love that can change. You broke down the great resolve of my heart. Tristram and I agreed that we would never marry, but stand by each other through all our days. If my love for you has proved strong enough to make me faithless to that compact, is it likely to prove weak now, when Tristram is gone and I have but you in the world?"

She asked the question with tears, and he folded her in his strong arms and kissed her.

"My dearest," he said, "is that the promise to Tristram of which you spoke just now?"

"Oh, no! It is a promise I tremble to think of, for even if it kill me I must keep it! Oh, my love, my love, do not hate me for saying this!"

She clung to him with trembling hands, her eyes beseeching his pity, in a passion of mingled love and terror.

"Tell me the promise, Estrild, and do not fear to speak out. I shall not hate you for it whether you keep it or break it."

She drew a long breath, and gave one piteous glance at his face, as though deprecating his anger.

"It was last year in Switzerland," she said; "you had just told me that you loved me. I was very happy. I had had a season of doubt, of fear and indecision; I had resisted your power; I had tried not to love you; but that was all over, and I had accepted happiness, and begun to believe that it could be mine. I confessed all this to Tristram, and he listened to me without uttering a reproach. He only said, 'So you break our contract, little one! And I shall be very lonely when you are gone.' I felt heartbroken, and I threw myself into his arms and declared passionately that I would not leave him even for you. He stroked my hair with his dear hand, and said, 'The thing is done now, Estrild; a dearer love than mine has come to you. I will not part you from it. Only remember this, that I will remain single all my life. A curse shall not be transmitted through me. We have talked on this subject many times, and you know my thoughts on it and my determination. I will not break that resolve; I feel I can hold it through the bitterest solitude that can fall upon man. I had hoped, child, that you would have the courage to resolve with me to be the last of our race, but I see now I expected too much from your tender nature. Do not cast a cloud upon your own and Harold's happiness by telling him of our fears. Time enough for that when he comes to Langarth—time enough when he takes you away and leaves my house desolate. I was wrong, Estrild, to ask you to lead a lonely and barren life such as mine will be. There—do not cry so bitterly; I am not hurt that you could not do it; all I will ask of your softer heart is to stand fast by your duty, and give up your lover rather than bring upon his life the terror and anguish that clings to ours. While I live the curse can never touch you, but if I die as we all have died, then you will stand in my place, and you must bear my cross. Will you promise me to do this?' Harold, as he said that he held both my hands and looked into my face with eyes that would take no denial, and answered, 'Yes.'"

Estrild had spoken rapidly, with growing excitement and color rising in her cheeks; she stopped now with hurried breath and eyes bright and shining.

Harold noted all this, and, fearing to increase the fever of her grief, he refrained from speaking the thoughts that burned angrily within him. It needed a keen remembrance of the silent room where Tristram lay pale and cold to check the bitter reproach against his superstition which was ready to spring to his lips. He held it back. This was not a time to blame the newly dead to his sorrowing sister.

"What did you say?" he asked her quietly. "Tell me exactly the promise that was wrung from you."

"Oh, it was not wrung from me! We grew up together with this resolve in our hearts. Often we wandered to this very spot, hand in hand, and sat down here by the Mermaid's Well and talked of our future lives to be led together in loneliness strengthening each other in our vow. But I had not his courage. Oh, I have failed—I have failed pitifully."

She raised her bent head and looked around on the wild landscape, filled to her with dear memories of childhood and of youth and the brother lying now so pale and silent in her desolate home.

Harold held his peace for very pity; he knew his image had no place in these sad recollections, and he would not thrust himself upon thoughts sacred to another. He waited till her eyes turned to him again, and the swift blood rushed to her face with a tide of newer memories.

"I cannot help my thoughts wandering to the old days when Tristram was all in all to me, and you were not in my life. You will forgive me?" she said piteously, holding out her hand to him. "From what I have said, you will understand better why he could demand such a vow and why I could speak it. I promised in solemn words, that if his death was like the death of all his race, the curse should die out with me, and I would renounce the dearest love of my life, and never be wife or mother."

"And you said that after you had given your word to me, Estrild?" asked her lover bitterly.

"I must answer both 'Yes' and 'No'," she said, her face growing very white beneath the reproach of his fixed gaze. "It was a resolve spoken continually between us for years, and here on this very spot it was solemnly ratified. This was before I knew you—it was the eve of Tristram's departure for Palestine. You remember that pilgrimage?"

"I remember every shadow and light of it," he answered; "and I see its meaning now."

"Yes, Tristram went in faith, like a pilgrim of old, and carried a hope with him which was never fulfilled. We spoke of it here together, and then he reminded me that, if he never returned I should be heiress of Langarth, and, if death fell upon him from the same mysterious hand which struck us all, his burden would thenceforth be mine, and his vow mine to keep. Then it was that I repeated it in strong and solemn words; and I know that I am bound by it now."

A short silence full of gnawing pain fell between them. Harold had a thousand arguments on his lips against the cruel folly of such a vow and the superstition that led to it, but the time would not allow him to utter them.

One glance at Estrild's grief-stricken face was enough to choke them back upon his heart; she would not suffer any shadow of reproach from him to fall upon the brother whose face was yet visible to her, tender and loving still in its awful beauty. One expostulation he could permit himself to make.

"My dear Estrild, all this passed between your brother and you before your engagement to me. He ratified that engagement, and by so doing absolved you from your promise."

"No, no—not unless he lived, or died naturally as other men die. If his life passed away in mystery, as it has now, my vow was to stand. I have told you that he made me repeat it—made me promise that I would renounce love, hope, happiness, all I hold dear, rather than bring a curse upon the lives of others."

"My dear Estrild, all this is a mistake—a wild folly built upon surmise and superstition."

"Which make the fabric of my life," she interposed. "These follies, these superstitions and terrors, have been built into my days hour by hour. You cannot fling their burden from me by a few words."

"Granted," he continued; "and I will yield to your feelings thus far, that, if your brother's death cannot be explained naturally, I should be neither angry nor surprised if your promise weighed somewhat on your mind. But, if I bring you back full proof that his death was a simple accident you will surely acknowledge that you are not bound by it?"

"Prove that to me, and I am yours for ever; nothing should stand between us then."

He bent forward and kissed her, with a cold feeling at his heart that his happiness was still far away.

"Nothing between us," he repeated, "except your guardian and uncle. You ignore the real difficulty and obstacle in our path, Estrild, and build up a fanciful wall of terrors."

"My guardian?" she said, in surprised scorn. "He possesses no weapon in all his mean artillery by which he could separate us. I have no fear of him."

"But I have," returned Harold; "and I hate now to leave you to his mercy, alone, too, as you are."

"No, not alone. I have sent for cousin Pleasance. You remember her, do you not? She was with us a little while in Switzerland."

"I am thankful to hear that," cried Harold, as he caught her hand again. "Miss Glendorgal is kind and good; I shall leave you now, Estrild, with a happier mind. In forty-eight hours I hope to be with you again; meanwhile promise me to try and be brave."

She turned away her face, and he saw tears falling slowly from her eyes. It was a good sign—it was better to weep than to meet with the stony anguish and terror she had shown that morning.

"I must go, darling," he said unwillingly. "The boat waits for me; I have delayed too long."

"One instant longer," she said with eagerness. "You spoke of a fanciful wall of terrors between us; but that horseman, Harold, who rode to Langarth—you saw him—was he fancy?"

"No," returned the young man; and his heart was stirred within him by a curious revulsion of feeling.

It was partly anger at her seeming indifference to his departure, and partly dismay at seeing her mind so filled with this cloud of superstitious gloom that her love could not break through it to give him a word of comfort, and it was partly also the shock of discovering within himself a lurking sympathy with her horror of this strange visitor.

"No," he said; "the man was flesh and blood—of a kind—an odd kind; and one day I will follow him and hunt him down, with as sure a certainty of tearing off the mystery in which he chooses to shroud himself, as I have now of finding the 'Alert' and bringing to justice and to daylight the hand that slew your brother."

"Do not be angry," she said, in a low, shaken voice. "When you come back, perhaps we must say good-bye for ever. But now we say it in hope; let us part in love."

"Good-bye!" he answered, and folded his arms about her, angry still that she could talk of parting for ever through shadows rising from a dead past—shadows that he was going to sweep away.

"Good-bye!" she said, and broke down utterly, with her weeping face upon her hands.

"I have been cruel," he thought; and with a single step he had her again in his arms.

Thus they re-embraced in a sort of bitterness, feeling disunited still.

She stood watching him as he sprang up the rugged steps leading from the gorge, and hurried swiftly to the sea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bric-a-Brac.

THE CUCKOO.—In Westphalia, Germany, the peasants, on hearing the cuckoo for the first time, roll over and over on the grass in order to insure themselves against lumbago for the rest of the year. This is considered all the more likely to happen if the bird repeats his cry while they are on the ground.

AN OLD SAYING.—From an old English book of "curious matter," is gleaned the following: King Eric, of Sweden, coming with a few troops to a certain town, the inhabitants, in contemptuous defiance, hung out a goose for him to attack. But Eric was bent on business, discovering which the citizens sent heralds to ask what he wanted. "To cook your goose for you," was the witty response.

STREET-CLEANING.—In Italian cities the cleaning of streets is sold to the highest bidder at a public auction. The bidder puts every four hundred yards of street in charge of one man with a push-cart, who is kept constantly at work from sunrise to sunset and in the twilight. At intervals large carts go around and receive the contents of the push-carts. The dirt is taken to a factory, where it is pressed into blocks of about a cubic yard in dimensions. These are placed on the market and sold for fertilizing purposes.

CHINESE MEDICINE.—There are certain diseases which the physicians in China declare to be incurable save by a decoction of which the principal ingredient is warm human flesh cut from the arm or thigh of a living son or daughter of the patient! To supply this piece of flesh is (naturally) esteemed one of the noblest acts of filial devotion, and there are numerous instances on record in quite recent years in which this generous offering has been made to save the life of a parent, and even of a mother-in-law.

NOTES ON THE BAGPIPE.—The bagpipe is a musical wind instrument of great antiquity, having been used among the Hebrews and Greeks, and being a favorite instrument over Europe generally in the fifteenth century. It still continues in use among the country people in Poland, Italy, the south of France, and in Scotland and Ireland. Though now often regarded as the national instrument of Scotland, especially Celtic Scotland, it is only Scottish by adoption, being introduced into the country from England. The earliest notice of it in Scotland is in the royal treasurer's accounts in the reign of James IV., wherein are frequent entries of moneys paid to "Inglis Pyparis," who came to play before the King, who had brought the taste with him from England.

A MEDIÆVAL CHRISTMAS.—"In 1440," writes Master Stubbs, the Puritan, "one Captain John Gladman, a man ever true and faithful to God and the King, and constantly sportive, made public disport with his neighbors at Christmas. He traversed the town on a horse as gaily caparisoned as himself, preceded by the Twelve Months, each dressed in character. After him crept the pale, attenuated figure of Lent, clothed in herring-skins, and mounted on a sorry horse, whose harness was covered with oyster shells. A train fantastically garbed followed. Some were clothed as bears, apes and wolves; others were tricked out in armor; a number appeared as harridans, with blackened faces and tattered clothes, and all kept up a promiscuous fight. Last of all marched several carts, whereupon a number of fellows dressed as old fools, sat upon nests, and pretended to hatch young fools."

GAINING OR LOSING A DAY.—In sailing round the world eastward the days are each a little less than 24 hours, according to the speed of the ship, as the sun is not every morning a little earlier. These little differences added together will amount, in the course of the circumnavigation, to 24 hours, giving the sailors an extra day, not in imagination, but in sober truth, as they will have actually eaten another day's food and consumed an extra day's grog. On the other hand, in sailing westward, the sun is overtaken a little each day, and so each day is rather longer than 24 hours, and clocks and watches are found to be too fast. This also will amount, in sailing round to the starting point again, to one whole day, by which the reckoning has fallen in arrear. The eastern ship, then, has gained a day and the western ship has lost one, leading to this apparent paradox, that the former ship has a clear gain of two whole days over the latter, supposing them to have started and returned together.

A HELPING hand at the right moment would save many from ruin.

AN EPITAPH.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

TANGLED THREADS

BY L. GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER I.

MY dear, my head aches terribly. If I venture out to-day, I shall certainly bring on one of my attacks; and Mrs. D'Almayne is to call for me at three o'clock. It is most unfortunate!"

Aunt Dorothy looks deplorable indeed. Her eyes are reduced to half their normal size, and are only a shade less red than her nose.

She has drawn a woolen shawl over her stiff white cap, and her little gray curls seem to partake of the general air of depression, and hang limply round her thin face.

She has, in truth, a shocking cold, which is all the more provoking because outside the sun is shining, the birds are twittering, and the sky is as blue as one could desire, even on this brightest of June afternoons.

"And I particularly wished to match these wools to-day!" she goes on, ruefully fingering the little piles of worsted on the table beside her. "I cannot possibly proceed with my carpet till those colors are matched, and the shop-people are so careless about shades that it is worse than useless to send for them. Dear, dear, it is most annoying!"

"Aunt Dorothy," I suggest meekly, "could not I get the wools, if Mrs. D'Almayne does not mind taking me with her? It is too fine to stay indoors all the afternoon, and Boggett is washing your lace, and will not want to go out."

Boggett is the confidential maid, who guards my incomings and outgoings when I am not under the personal supervision of my aunt.

I do not say that I am dying to get to the West-end, to see the well-dressed men and women, the carriages and hansoms, and all the stir and activity that pervade the great thoroughfares of London during the season.

My worldly proclivities are already a source of woe to my guardians—not my parents—for I am an orphan, and entrusted to aunt Dorothy's care and keeping until such time as I achieve the proper destiny of woman by getting married.

Oh, dear, when will that be? After I am twenty-one, I suppose, and have come into my modest fortune, Jim will think it worth his while to remember my existence and come to look after his property.

For the provoking part of it is that I have not even the excitement of wondering who "my fate"—as the girls at school used to say—will be.

I am engaged, and have been engaged ever since I was eleven years old.

Was ever anything so absurd? Why, because my father and Sir George Fearon were brother-officers and great chums, they should think it necessary for their respective children to love each other remains a mystery; but so they did, and made their wills accordingly.

I know Jim never cared a bit for me. He said girls were a nuisance, and he got much the best of the business, for Sir George gave him a double-barrelled gun and a new pointer on the day the contract was signed, while I had nothing but a diamond ring which had belonged to Lady Fearon, and aunt Dorothy has kept it locked up in her own dressing-case ever since.

And how can I feel any romance for a person I have not seen for eight years, and who only writes me a stiff little note once in a twelvemonth, when he sends me a present at Christmas? Besides which he is not a bit good-looking.

He sent me a photograph from India when he first joined his regiment there, and he looks horrid in it, with quite long hair and no moustache.

I have a whole catalogue of complaints against Jim.

It is all his fault that I am mewed up here in dull rooms in Kensington all through the season, and may not go to a single dance or dinner, that I have not even a girl-friend to whom to speak—I, Dolly Varden, who am nineteen years old; and all forsooth because aunt Dorothy says she is responsible for me to Captain Fearon, and will not allow me to be exposed to the machinations of unprincipled fortune-hunters!

"But I can't fall in love with a girl," I protested, when she declined Minnie Eliot's innocent invitation to afternoon-tea.

"My dear, where there are girls, there are men," she returned decisively.

Nothing masculine is permitted within the chaste walls of No. 5, Cremlin Place, excepting Doctor Cobbe and Canon Elmore, who are both old and gray, and as deaf as the adder we read about in church the other morning.

And so it happens that a shopping expedition is an event to me; and a shopping expedition without aunt Dorothy's vigilant eye upon me an event so exciting that I am almost crying with anxiety before Mrs. D'Almayne's respectable landau, with its fat horses and apoplectic-looking servants, draws up at the door.

I am bidden to put on my bonnet while the two old ladies take counsel together and lament aunt Dorothy's tendency to influenza.

I dash upstairs to don my prettiest frock and highest bonnet, to rejoice that I washed my hair last night with borax and ammonia, and therefore it is to-day as yellow and fluffy as heart can wish, to pull my little white veil severely aquiline, it will "tip-tilt" itself in the most provoking manner, and to draw on a new pair of gloves—they are sixes—with the comfortable consciousness that I do look nice.

Downstairs I struggle to maintain a demure expression while I listen to aunt Dorothy's endless directions as to shades and grades, and double and single Berlin, then gleefully sweep Mrs. D'Almayne and the pug off to the carriage.

We have been to Jay's, to select the funereal mantle and bonnets which my godmother has affected ever since the late Honorable and Reverend Charles D'Almayne was gathered to his fathers.

We have laid in a store of devotional books for distribution amongst the friends of the late Charles's widow, and we are earnestly debating whether jet passementerie or yak lace will best carry out the idea of "chastened grief" in a dinner-dress, when I suddenly give vent to a little shriek of dismay.

"Oh, Mrs. D'Almayne, I have left all the wools on a chair at the stationer's! What shall I do? If any one takes them away, I shall not be able to match a single pattern, and aunt Dorothy will never forgive me."

"Dear, dear!" laments the old lady. "It will make us so late to go back there again, and I must be at Lavigne's at the half-hour, for I made an appointment, and madame never will wait for any one. Dear, dear, it was very thoughtless of you!"

"Let me go back for them now?" I entreat. "I shall be here again before you have finished with the dressmaker, and we should not waste any time then."

She hesitates for a moment.

"Perhaps that would be the best plan. Run away, and tell Drake to drive very fast."

I trip downstairs; but, when I come into the street, there is no landau, no Drake no Joseph to be seen.

I vainly scan the long line of waiting carriages and the crowd of footmen hanging about the entrance. Evidently they have gone round to the other door.

It will take me at least five minutes to make my way through the hundred and one crowded departments to Vere Street. In that time I could walk to the stationer's and back; it is not far, and the novelty of being on foot and unattended in the busy street is tempting.

I stand for a moment irresolute, and in that moment become aware that two eyes are looking at me, with a very amused expression in their blue depths.

The eyes are masculine eyes, and, together with a straight nose, a square chin, and a yellow moustache, make up the best-looking countenance on which my eyes have ever fallen.

Then I suddenly realize that in my preoccupation I have been serenely and unconsciously gazing into the face of this man as he crosses the road, and that he has returned my scrutiny with interest, and is apparently making straight for me; whereupon I grow very red and walk off with all dignified speed in the direction of my missing patterns.

All my self-possession is shattered. I hardly notice the admiring glances attracted on all sides by my new bonnet.

I have a horrible conviction that firm footsteps in the rear are keeping pace with mine, and every shop-window gives me a glimpse of that six feet of well-dressed humanity just a few yards behind.

I could cry with annoyance. If he were only not so handsome, so very unquestionably a gentleman, I could feel more indignant with him and less so with myself.

What could have possessed me to stare at the man in that idiotic manner, and for what must he take me?

Ah, blessed sight! Mainwaring's doorway looms before me.

I rush in, claim my parcel, look at some paper without a notion of what it is like, waste three or four precious minutes in doing nothing, fondly hoping that my amateur detective will have gone on his way, and I shall be able to return to my chaperon unobserved and unmolested.

Aunt Dorothy's wool is thick, the colors numerous, and the parcel, when put into my hands by the polite shopman with profuse offers of sending it to the carriage, looks twice as big as I had imagined it to be.

However, I grasp my burden, and come cautiously out with the certain hope of finding my pursuer gone.

But he is not. There he stands, studying all the albums and photographs spread out in the window with an air of intense interest!

I do not look at him; but I instinctively know that he is looking at me, and not at me only, but at this horrid parcel, which seems to be momentarily growing larger and more conspicuous.

The footsteps come nearer and are more decided. There is a slight indescribable sound which intimates the intention of speaking.

My heart almost stops beating.

"Excuse me," says a voice at my elbow in smooth even tones, "that parcel seems heavy; allow me to carry it for you."

I turn round indignantly. There he stands, smiling, imperturbable, just raising his hat, with the evident expectation that I shall receive his incivility with joy.

All my blood is up, and we are not sweet-tempered, we Vardens, when we think an affront is put upon us. I burn to give this graceless, good-looking offender a lesson.

"Thanks," I say, with as much indifference as I can muster. "I shall be much obliged."

I think he looks a little surprised, as if it were not quite the reception he had anticipated; but, making the best of the situation, he receives the brown bundle.

"The weather is pleasant," he remarks.

"Very pleasant," I respond graciously, wondering where I shall find Mrs. D'Almayne.

The pavement is so crowded that a little ingenuity on my part prevents my self-appointed escort ever fairly gaining my side, and puts all conversation out of the question. My spirits rise—the little adventure begins to grow piquant.

At the corner of Vere Street I stop. The carriage is there, and Joseph and the commissionaire are just packing in Mrs. D'Almayne's numerous purchases.

I feel myself safe now.

"This is our carriage," I say, with dignity; "so I need not trouble you further, thank you."

I open my purse and hold out twopence with becoming gravity. For one second he stands aghast. Then the blue eyes look down with an inquiring expression, to be met by mine innocently and impenetrably. Then, with a bow, he slips my gratuity into his waistcoat-pocket.

"I beg your pardon," he says, with penitence on every line of his handsome face. "I am very properly snubbed, and the only course left to me is to take my lesson as gracefully as I may. Good afternoon, and, if you can, forgive me."

With that he turns on his heel, just as Mrs. D'Almayne comes out of the shop, looking in every direction for me.

"Here you are, child; and have you found your parcel? That is all right! Joseph, lift Winkie in. Drake must have hurried to be back so soon. I hope the horses are not over-heated?"

"It was not more than a hundred yards," I reply, feeling dreadfully deceitful. Joseph's face is immovable, and the dear old lady has forgotten all about the incident before we leave Lavigne's.

It is just six when we pass Hatchett's. Two or three coaches have come in. A pretty girl, in the daintiest of black-and-white costumes, is being helped from the box-seat by two or three men and assisted into the neat victoria waiting for her.

"We have had such a lovely day!" she says brightly, leaning forward to shake hands with one and another. "Haven't we, mother?"—to the handsomely-dressed lady by her side. "I shall see you all at the Brightmeres' to-night. If you don't come early, you will have no chance of a valse, Mr. Mordaunt."

"Trust me!" is the laughing response, as they drive away. "I shall be sitting on the doorstep when you come up."

I feel almost envious. Why should not I be allowed to enjoy myself too? To-night hundreds of girls, no younger and no prettier than I, will be laughing, dancing, flirting, while I, who can valse, if I can do nothing else, must sit at home and read aloud improving books with an interval for counting stitches in a square of canvas. It does seem hard!

Just then we pass a large building standing back in a courtyard. Four or five men are lounging on the steps; and, yes, there can be no mistake about it, there is my penitent!

"What place is that?" I venture to ask, curiosity getting the better of discretion.

"That? Oh, one of the clubs—the Naval and Military, I think! Are you sure we have brought all our parcels?"

So my unknown is a soldier. I make up my mind on that point, and then I fall to wondering if I shall ever see him again.

It is the first adventure I have ever had. Not an exciting one, perhaps, but meaning a great deal to me, who have lived the dullest of dull lives in a wretched little Yorkshire village till aunt Dorothy's health and some legal complications brought us to London in quest of a consulting physician and the family solicitor.

Of course Kensington is not exactly hilarious; but it is a whirlpool of excitement compared with Crumpley, where there were no houses within ten miles, except the Manor, which was only open, before Sir George Fearon died, for a few weeks in the shooting season.

My grandfather was the Rector, and a very clever man. He had written books to prove that the garden of Eden did exist, and that the world was really created in seven days.

Nobody ever came to the Rectory, and they never went anywhere, which was perhaps one reason why my mother, who was years younger than aunt Dorothy, ran away with one of the gentlemen who came down to shoot at the Manor. They were married at York, wrote a penitent letter home, and were forgiven.

In about two years she went back to Crumpley, taking me with her, and there I have stayed ever since. I cannot remember much about her, except that she often cried, and I much preferred Betty, the dairy-woman, who spoiled me dreadfully, and was never too tired to play.

Poor mother! She must have died very young, for there is a black-and-white tablet opposite to our pew in church, on which is inscribed:

"Sacred to the Memory of Josephine Mary, the beloved Wife of Colonel Frederic Varden, R. H. A., who departed this life June 7th, 18—, aged 20 years." Underneath is the comforting assurance that, "Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy," which seems to be cruelly appropriate.

Aunt Dorothy says that my father was a "sadly godless man," of whom she never approved; but I remember we always had better dinners when he came to the Rectory, and she invariably brought out her choicest jams and marmalades for breakfast. Even she admitted that he was handsome, with a manner that fascinated every one, and made him, as our old church-warden once said, "fit to entertain a prince."

I used to think he must be very rich, because he never had anything short of a five pound note in his pocket, and always borrowed some silver from aunt Dorothy to pay for the cab which brought him from Chorley Station. But Boggett says that he never could make ends meet till some old gentleman left him fifty thousand pounds. Then, as is so often the case, directly he began to be comfortable, he died.

The money will belong to me when I am of age; "and that is the reason," Boggett once declared, "why Captain Fearon does not break off the engagement."

Aunt Dorothy was dreadfully angry when I repeated that, and I think Boggett is an ignorant vulgar old woman. As if any one would marry a Varden for money!

When I came home this afternoon, I took out Jim's photograph—and, oh, I do think he is ugly! Why did my father wish me to marry him?

I am sure he could not have foreseen how objectionable it would be to me! If it were not for Jim, I might be going to a dance to-night, and who knows but that my unknown porter would not be one of my partners?"

"Captain So-and-so" (he looks like a Captain, I think)—"Miss Varden." May I have the pleasure of this waltz?"

Oh, it is too bad! James Fearon, I positively hate you, and I will never, never look at your photograph again! You are a pig!

There is aunt Dorothy calling me, and a whole evening of worsted-work and D'Aubigny's "History of the Reformation" to be got through somehow.

But, when I reach the drawing-room, I find aunt Dorothy in a state of suppressed excitement.

The bow on her cap is vibrating, the little woolen shawl has fallen on to the floor, whilst spread out on the table before her is a sheet of foreign note-paper.

"Sit down, my dear," she says, her very curls quivering with agitation. "I have had some news which concerns you—concerns you very nearly. I have received a communication from Captain Fearon."

"From Jim?" I cry.

"My dear," expostulates my guardian, "I must beg of you to speak of this young man in a less familiar manner. Though your father entered into an alliance with him in your name, your acquaintance with Captain Fearon is most limited. A girl who wishes to be respected must never condescend to familiarity."

"I have no acquaintance whatever with Captain Fearon," I protest. "I only knew Jim. What does he say?"

"My dear," replies aunt Dorothy, elevating her pince-nez and assuming an impressive air, which is somewhat deteriorated by a violent sneeze, "matters are approaching a very important point—I might almost say a crisis. Captain Fearon is coming home!"

I nearly jump off my chair.

"Coming home! Jim coming home! Is it really true? When does he come? What is he coming for? Is it to see me; and, oh, aunt Dorothy, shall I be married soon?"

My guardian's hands are uplifted in positive horror.

"Dorothea," she cries, how can you speak in this unseemly, I might say indelicate manner? How grievously I must have failed in my duty, if, after all my efforts to bring you up as a refined gentlewoman, you can exhibit such coarseness of sentiment! That you must inherit from the Vardens; your poor mother was sensibility itself. Captain Fearon knows far too well what is due to your position and his own to advance any such suggestion at present. I must say the young man writes in a very modest and sensible strain, and I am sorry that my niece should fall so far short of him in delicacy. You may read his letter, if you wish."

With which crushing denunciation Miss Tempest sweeps out of the room, leaving me far too excited by this astounding news to be properly subdued by her scathing rebuke.

I seize upon the letter at once. It is from Bombay, dated April 26th.

"Dear Miss Tempest,—I write to inform you that I have just concluded arrangements for returning to England. My leave will extend over two years, during which time something must be definitely arranged with reference to that, to my mind, unwise compact between my father and the late Colonel Varden.

"It is always a dangerous experiment to act for Providence in settling the destiny of two irresponsible agents, especially in so serious a matter as that of matrimony, and I am anxious to protect Miss Varden, as far as possible, from any unpleasantness to which the contract made in her name may render her liable. I have left the subject alone so far, feeling that it required my personal attention, and that, as a child, the fact of a nominal engagement could do her no harm. Now that, as I think, she must be of a marriageable age, it is only common justice that she should have a voice in

the matter.

"I trust therefore that, on my return, you will give me the opportunity of ascertaining for myself your niece's feeling on the point, with the full assurance that I am no fortune-hunter, and, should Miss Varden's affections be already engaged, I shall feel it my duty to do what I can to liberate her, either by setting aside the wills, which, from my point of view, are preposterous, or by any compromise the lawyers can effect. With kind regards to Miss Varden and yourself,

"Yours truly,

"JAMES FEARON."

"Yes; I suppose aunt Dorothy is right, and it is a very modest, sensible letter."

Far, far too sensible, it sounds to me! Why, he does not seem to care a bit whether he marries me or not! In fact, I believe he would be rather glad to get out of the engagement altogether.

And I shall have wasted two whole years, and been buried alive, and kept out of everything for this—to be liberated on the first opportunity!

He puts it all on to me, of course!

"If Miss Varden's affections are already engaged," indeed!

Who should engage them, pray? Canon Elmore, with his glass eye, or Doctor Cobbe, who is for all the world like a carthorse, or the old Scotch gardener at Crumpley? They are the only men I am ever permitted to see.

I expect, if the truth were known, he has fallen head over ears in love with some odious girl in India, and means to get rid of me as decently as he can. I, a Varden, to be left planté là! Well, he shall ascertain "my feeling on the point" when he arrives!

I go to bed quite furious with Captain Fearon, aunt Dorothy, and Fate. For it is one thing to abuse Jim when I am—well, a little out of temper, and quite another to give him up after having been engaged for eight whole years.

CHAPTER II.

CERTAINLY the world is turning upside down! Whoever would have believed last Wednesday that to-day I should find myself at the Grand Hotel, Eastoff-on-Sea, and without aunt Dorothy too?

Poor old aunt Dorothy! It seems very unkind of me to be so glad that she is left behind; but there is a delicious sense of freedom in the certainty that for three whole weeks I am free from all her endless lectures on propriety.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and the particular ill wind which brought aunt Dorothy's influenza has gained me a holiday.

It came about in this way. In spite of gruel and hot flannels, our invalid grew worse and worse, till Doctor Cobbe said I must really go away, for the cold was very infectious, and one person to nurse at a time was as much as Boggett could manage; so he spoke to Mrs. D'Almayne, and suggested that, as she was going to the seaside, she might take me with her, and she at once consented.

Positively I am beginning to love Mrs. D'Almayne.

If she is old and rather deaf, she is very good-natured; and, now that she is not in constant dread of aunt Dorothy's stern eye, she gets quite festive, lets me look out of the window to my heart's content, and has once even allowed me to go out alone.

Everything was arranged in such a hurry that I hardly knew what I was doing till I found myself forming one of a grand procession down the platform of Victoria Station.

First our luggage—seventeen boxes and portmanteaus—piled on a truck and escorted by two porters; next Pullen, the maid, laden with parasols, dressing-bags, and all the things Mrs. D'Almayne remembered at the very last moment she would be sure to want particularly; then Mrs. D'Almayne herself, in her most impressive bonnet, with plumes nodding at the four corners like a little black hearse; and, lastly, myself, bringing up the rear with Winkie, struggling and choking because he hates his travelling-chain, and would persist in twisting it and himself round my feet in the most embarrassing manner.

We were rather late. There were a great many people in the booking-office, a great deal of luggage on the platform, and all the officials seemed flurried and out of temper.

Just when we were installed in our compartment, and I had released my prisoner from his temporary bondage, an official came to look at our tickets.

Now Winkie has the greatest aversion to blue-cloth trousers. I do not know why, unless it is because the postman wears them, and anything in the shape of a postman acts on him as a red rag is supposed to act upon a bull.

So, directly the door opened, that misguided dog dashed off the seat, and made for the objectionable garments, to their wearer's intense disgust.

"Can't have that dog in here!" he said shortly. "Van's the proper place for live-stock."

We protested. Winkie in the van! Winkie, who has lived among sofa-cushions all his days, and may not put his feet on the pavement in damp weather!

"It is quite impossible," Mrs. D'Almayne declared. "My darling would die. I never heard of such an infamous suggestion. He has traveled on every other line in England and never been inside the van."

"Then he'll have to now, mum, for he don't travel in this compartment. It's against the company's orders, and I ain't going to lose my situation because of your dog."

"The dog is perfectly used to traveling and quite quiet," I ventured to say. "He won't annoy any one."

"It is my duty to protect passengers and to carry out the instructions of the company."

Evidently the inspector's mind was as crooked as his eyes, both of which were trying to look two ways at once.

There was no use in wasting my power of persuasion on him; so I sprang out and appealed to the guard, who was giving gentle intimations that "time was up."

"Can't we take this dog in the car with us?" I said pathetically. "He is not used to the van."

The guard showed signs of yielding; but that horrid inspector interfered again.

"I am carrying out the company's instructions," he said doggedly. "The dog is a savage brute, and it has to go in the van. This train can't be kept waiting all night for your animal, miss; so you'll please to fetch it out at once."

"Fetch it out yourself!" I said indignantly. "It is not my place to carry out the instructions of the company."

The guard grinned, which made the inspector very irate. He shouted for a porter to remove the offending pug: but the porters all appeared to be very deaf or exceedingly busy.

He made a dive himself for Winkie, who promptly retreated under the farthest corner of the seat, and, with ominous growls and snaps, proclaimed that whoever tried to dislodge him did so at the risk of their fingers. The inspector became quite furious.

"Will you bring out that dog?" he demanded.

"No, I will not," was my valiant reply.

I felt I must fight out the battle single-handed, since Mrs. D'Almayne was dissolved in tears and Pullen was mute with terror.

Quite a crowd had gathered round the door, and heads were popping out of all the car-windows, while on every side questions and comments were freely exchanged.

"By Jove, she is a plucky little girl!" said some one from the smoking-compartment next to us.

"Let's have a look!" put in another voice; and a fresh head craned itself out to contemplate the situation.

Then the queerest thing happened.

Never since that eventful afternoon when I lost aunt Dorothy's wools had I caught so much as a glimpse of my "unknown," though I had looked for him far and wide whenever Fortune and Mrs. D'Almayne had taken me into the regions of civilization.

But now, at this critical moment, when help seemed farthest, there dawned upon my bewildered vision a face I recognized at once.

There was a muttered ejaculation. The door of the next compartment flew open, and a big tweed-suited figure stepped into the middle of our excited little crowd, authoritatively demanding—

"What's the matter here, inspector?" as if he were the chairman of the company, or at least the general manager. We all began to explain at once; but the new arrival cut us short.

"What is the dog?" he inquired. "A St. Bernard, mastiff, bloodhound? Whom has it eaten so far, and how many seats does it take up?"

For answer, I pointed dramatically to the car door, where Winkie's fat wrinkled snout was cautiously peering from under Mrs. D'Almayne's ample skirts.

The British public is not entirely devoid of humor. There ensued a general laugh.

"Come, inspector," said our deliverer good-humoredly; "it is hardly in the interests of the passengers that the express should be ten minutes late all on account of a pug! Let the dog stay where he is. Here's my card, and, if you are not satisfied, we will finish the discussion in the general manager's office to-morrow morning."

What other inducements he used I do not know; but, after two minutes' private conversation, the enemy retreated, and my new ally turned to me with a courteous bow.

"Are you going through?" he inquired, trying hard to suppress that comical twinkle in the corner of his blue eyes.

"No; only to Eastoff."

"You will be all right now," he went on reassuringly; "the guard will look you in. I am going to Eastoff also; so, if you require assistance there, I shall be delighted ——"

"Take your seat, sir, please," entreated the guard, with his hand on the door.

The grey-coat disappeared into the next carriage; we were locked in, Winkie, triumphantly installed on his mistress's lap, to be fed with sandwiches and biscuits, and I in a state of wild excitement such as I have never before experienced. For was not there but the thickness of a partition-board between me and all the elements of a real three-volume novel romance?

I should see him again at Eastoff! And, oh, what would aunt Dorothy say?

* * * * * *

Some one asked me at a dinner yesterday what I thought of this place. I replied truthfully that, "if the streets were ever dry, and the residents ever went out, and the sea were occasionally visible, I should think it a very pretty place."

Ever since we came, four days ago, it has rained—a steady persistent, uncompromising rain.

There are very few people staying at the hotel—an old lady and gentleman who have fallen into the habit of addressing casual remarks on the weather when they meet us on the stairs, a middle-aged woman with two awkward shy-looking girls, three or four uninteresting couples, with children in lodgings somewhere in the town, and a few queer-looking unattached, who stare at me as if I were a novelty.

It is cold too, disagreeably cold for July. Mrs. D'Almayne and Winkie lie enveloped in furs and rugs before our sitting-room fire, and never move except in obedience to the gong for table d'hote.

I am not of a sedentary disposition. I am tired of looking out of the front windows on to the square sandy court, and counting the ever-increasing pools on its surface.

I am weary of gazing from the back casements at the grey mist-veiled ocean, the little fleet of French fishing-boats, and the occasional English steamers which pass.

I have finished my stock of light literature.

I have written to Aunt Dorothy—there is no one to whom I can write—and I am growing desperate.

Four whole days have passed since I last saw the big tweed-suited figure, the square chin, and the yellow moustache which fill so large a place in my imagination.

He sent a porter to us at Eastoff, but did not come near himself; and, as we drove off, I caught a last glimpse of him, still stationary by the door of the smoking-compartment.

Ping! Ping! Ping! The clock strikes three. Mrs. D'Almayne is snoring gently on the sofa, and Winkie is snoring loudly on the rug.

I cannot bear it another. I fly upstairs and find Pullen busy with some needlework.

"I have finished all my books," I lament piteously, "and everybody is asleep and snoring. I must have something to read."

"Must you have the books at once, Miss Varden?" Pullen asks dubiously.

She is the best-natured woman going; but even she objects to turning out in the middle of her afternoon's work and in the teeth of a north-east gale.

"I could fetch them for you after tea, miss," she adds.

"I don't want you to go out at all!" I exclaim. "It would do no good for you to bring me books, because I could not settle down to read them to-day if I were paid so much a line. I am tired of this old hotel, Pullen, and I want to go out."

"Oh, lor', Miss Varden! It blows like anything, and rains too!"

"Not much now, and I am very substantial, you know. Besides, there are railings to the Parade, so I can't be blown over the cliff."

"I am sure I don't know what mistress will say."

"She will say nothing. I am only going to the library, and shall be back before she wakes, in all probability. Keep some tea for me, won't you? And help me to put on my coat."

Pullen is not in the least like aunt Dorothy's Boggett. She is much younger and more comfortable-looking, with quite a fashionable air.

She has taken, like her mistress, a fancy to me, and spoils me dreadfully, which is just what I like; so we get on famously together.

Now she brings my thickest boots and the new coat I bought the other day on my own responsibility. I did not show it to aunt Dorothy; she would have pronounced it abominable. I think it is perfectly lovely, for it fits like a glove.

Thus arrayed, and provided with an umbrella, I quit the shelter of the Grand Hotel and commit myself to the mercy of the elements.

And very unmerciful they prove; for, before I have gained the little iron bridge with its imposing dedicatory tablet that leads to the Parade, a sudden blast of wind has inverted my umbrella and sent my hat spinning up the path to the cliff. When I have recovered it, I return to the hotel, leave my dislocated umbrella, slip on a hard-crowned felt hat secured by a cord, and, burying my hands in my pockets, make another effort after liberty and literature.

I struggle down to the Parade, the rain streaming in my face; but no stationer's shop can I find. I turn up one side-street and down another. Chemist, grocers, tobacconists, all are there, but nothing in the least resembling a circulating library. I struggle back. The brim of my hat is a small river now; this I liberate by gracefully recognizing an imaginary acquaintance on the other side of the street. Splash, splash! A miniature cascade streams over my nose, and then the process of refilling begins again.

My case is becoming desperate. I have arrived at the end of the street, where there are three roads, all apparently leading to nowhere in particular.

I turn round, and, walking with my head well down in defiance of the wind, nearly run into an approaching pedestrian. Mutual apologies follow; and, looking up as well as I can through the veil of water and sea-fog, I recognize the one person I most desired and least expected to meet.

I think he looks pleased to see me. I know I am charmed to see him; and, before I have time to remember how horribly unconventional it all is, we have shaken hands.

"I am so glad this horrid weather has not driven you away," he says cheerily. "I was so afraid you would leave in disgust before I had a chance of seeing you again. But it seems you are impervious to rain and cold, or you would not have achieved the honor of being the only human being abroad this afternoon."

"I was too tired of staying indoors to mind the rain. Besides, I am not the only human being in the streets. You are having the storm also."

"But I only came to see you. I had been praying all day for a chance of meeting your mother and gaining her permission to call. When you recognized me so kindly just now, my spirits rose. It is awfully good of you to dispense with a formal introduction."

"I recognized you? What can you mean? I never saw you till this moment," I cry in amazement.

He looks at me in surprise.

"I was sitting in the window," he explains. "My rooms are in Leigh Place, just round that corner, on the ground floor. I'm afraid I was staring awfully hard; but you certainly bowed to some one, and, as there was not a soul on the pavement, I was vain enough"—in very aggrieved tones—"to think your recognition intended for me. As it seems I was mistaken, perhaps I had better take myself off."

"Wait a moment," I petition humbly, for I cannot bring myself to dismiss him at once. "I cannot find the library, and am getting so wet with wandering up and down in search of it! Please tell me which way to go."

"I will show you the way with pleasure, if you will allow me. You have passed the reading-room on the Parade. This is the way, round here to the left. Those are my rooms," he goes on, pointing out Leigh Place with his stick. "Have you any friends staying there?"

"No; I do not know any one in the Place."

"Then, may I ask, to whom were you bowing? For I saw your head bend most distinctly, and I am positive that there was not another person within sight."

A light breaks in upon me, and the corners of my mouth begin to twitch.

"I think I must have been emptying my hat-brim," I suggest. "Was it anything like this?"—and I repeat the performance for his edification. Then we mutually stand still and laugh heartily. There is no further suggestion of his going away. In five minutes we are talking as if we had known each other all our lives, and, when we reach the library, he comes in as a matter of course.

A cheery fire is burning at the end of the reading-room, and the Windsor chairs stand invitingly near it. The table is heaped with newspapers and periodicals, and there is not a soul in the place.

"Here is the catalogue," he says, pulling a chair up to the fire; "take off that wet coat, and I will hang it up to dry."

I protest; but my temporary guardian is not to be gainsaid.

"Don't be foolish!" he argues. "What is the use of your taking cold? Give me that coat at once;" and I feel bound to comply. Hanging my coat and his own, of which he has just divested himself, over two chairs on the farther side of the fire, he goes on—"Kill two birds with one stone, you see. Dries our garment and keeps off the draught from that window. Now, what sort of a book do you want? Novel, of course. What do you like? Ouida's?"

I give a horrified dissent. Does not aunt Dorothy, who has never opened a page of them in all her life, condemn the works of that authoress as creations of the Evil One?

"So much the better," is his comment. "They are not exactly healthy."

"Do you read them?" I inquire with awe.

"Certainly. One might read something better, I grant you; but, on the other hand, one might also read something infinitely worse. There are some fine descriptions of scenery and some clever character-sketches to compensate for the absurd caricatures of men, particularly Army-men. Where a woman gets the notion that we live among roses and eau de Cologne I can't imagine. Not from her father, brothers, or husband, if they are in the service, I'll warrant!"

"Then you are a soldier?"

"I have that honor; but my bed-room does not at all resemble 'the boudoir of a young Duchess,' I assure you. It's a good deal more like a saddle-room."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD MANNERS.—In the reign of James I., men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches, or ornaments in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes.

At feasts, every guest brought his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which a man sharpened his knife as he entered.

In 1564, a Dutchman, named William Boonen, brought the first coach into England; and, it is said, the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crab-shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the demon.

The business of cap-making was ruined in 1591 by the common wearing of hats, which then came into vogue.

Smoothing irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., very large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for that purpose.

A MURDERER who was sentenced to 99 years in the penitentiary, on Tuesday, in an Indiana court, cursed the judge and jury violently, and told them he would rather be hanged.

KEEPSAKES.

BY M. M.

Each lover has a keepsake
For the memory of his love;
One has a note or a ribbon,
And one a curl or a glove.

But I am rich in keepsakes;
Three notes I treasure apart;
There are two, accepting my presents,
And one, declining my heart.

The Stone-Breaker.

BY F. W. R.

CHAPTER I.

NO, I never thought I should have come down to stone-breaking on a Welsh highroad.

In my wildest freaks of imagination—and I had a magnificently freakish imagination once—or in the most hypochondriacal of the moods which would beset me in my advancing years, when fate, destiny, bad luck, call it what you will, got the better of all my far-seeing plans for advancement in the future, I had never pictured to myself a gray-haired, inartistically-clad object at the roadside hammering away at big stones.

Hanged if I ever guessed it would have come down to that; my jealous and envious friends, relations, and acquaintances, though they had never professed the slightest faith in me, could not believe that I should have descended to it, and thought that I would have preferred to perish by my own hand—just as they would have preferred that wind-up for themselves—as a more festive and characteristic proceeding on the part of old Paul Penprase.

It is possible that I had thought that such a termination to an unfortunate career would be less ignoble than a corner in the whitewashed, ill-smelling, disgustingly-ventilated poorhouse of Fechenaber; but I had not given up all faith in myself or in my powers, or considered that this was the very end of my existence.

Not I. I was at seventy-six years of age still looking forward over my heap of cursedly hard flints, over the hills that shut me in with their glaring greens or their sharp slaty sides, to the future.

Stone-breaking, Fechenaber Workhouse, grim taskmasters, ignorant associates, and the weakest skilly I had ever tasted, were only parts of one poor miserable episode. Great men have had their trials before me, if not quite so late in life; indeed, all great men have had them. And their chances too, most of them.

I have never had my chance, though I have looked out for it pretty sharply in my time, schemed for it, prayed for it, and lied for it.

No, not always truthful, I confess. I do not attempt to disguise my shortcomings here; it is on account of them that I have determined to write this story of my later years.

There may be a moral in it somewhere, though I don't see it myself. I was always handy with my pen.

There were the makings of a literary career in me if editors had condescended to read my manuscripts, if publishers had perused my poems and novels, and brought them out as they brought out other people's books; but I never had my fair chance.

Editors and publishers—I have tried them all—got weary of me.

I pailed upon them, and the only two essays I got into print were found to closely resemble essays that had already appeared in magazines of bygone years; it was said that I had copied them verbatim.

Poor half-taught jacks-in-office, who did not know what verbatim meant! I can afford to pity their ignorance and spite a little now.

Let them pass. They know not—I know not—what they and the world may have lost.

I was handy with my pen, I say again. And when I found that the world of letters was against me, and anxious to trample me under foot, I took to writing tickets for shop-windows, and to addressing envelopes for public companies, and so on.

There were friends at last who thought they had done me a good turn in securing for me the post of a collector of rates and taxes in the paltry little town of Fechenaber, and they had simply extinguished in me every scrap of ambition and hope of distinction by that process.

They had done for me at last—perhaps intentionally, though I make no accusation.

I was not in a narrow and sordid-minded groove; I was cribbed, cabined, and confined; there was no poetry of thought in knocking at door after door and being an unwelcome visitor, or told nobody was at home—in taking miserable scraps of money once a quarter, or suing for those scraps, or threatening distraints, or doing something or other to bring the hatred and contempt of humankind upon me.

I was not fit for a collector's post. I was told so myself, and by the honorable—the honorable!—Board of Fechenaber Guardians later on; but what I mean is that the height and depth of my thoughts were so above the petty tyrannies and harassments of tax-collecting, that my mind was unfitted for it, and became at last unhinged.

That it was unhinged for a while there can be no doubt, or my accounts would have been more clear and satisfactory. I have but little hesitation in asserting that they were not satisfactory to the Board, and that there were various inquiries, and examinations, and cross-examinations, and much shaking of empty heads—terribly empty heads—over my figures, until I was positively worried half out of my life and compelled finally to resign; and so the tongue of malevolence was set wagging in my disfavor, and little boys pointed me out in the street as the man who had "sneaked" the tax-money.

This was my worst time. I did not think there could have been a lower depth.

The possibilities of getting on after that, with the breath of slander circulating even to the back sinuns of Fechenaber, were terribly remote; and it was only gin and a miserable pittance from my son-in-law, who worked in a quarry till he was blown to pieces, that kept my spirits up a bit.

They may say I took to drinking at this time, and to political discussions in the tap-rooms of the public-houses. They may say what they like.

The utterances of the unwashed I have always regarded with supreme indifference; I have invariably soared above the common herd.

I have known my worth if the other people have not.

I am not the first man who has wasted his sweetness on the desert air, though I do not claim just now to being a particularly sweet old man.

I know in my inmost heart that there are very few wise-acres who could—but this is not to the purport of my story. Let me get on.

Despite all my natural gifts, my powers of speech and language, my perspicacity, my knowledge of the world and human nature and the human heart, it came to Fechenaber poorhouse in the long—long run.

Of course my thick-headed son-in-law said he had warned me it would come to this; that he had proposed it all along if I did not work more and talk less; that I had never looked out for myself, and missed always the main chance; and then he died of not looking out when a dynamite charge was going off, and was blown to heaven in little bits, along with the bits of half-a-dozen others that were uncommonly difficult to sort.

People can easily wax eloquent upon the backslidings of other folk; but, Lord! they can slide themselves with anybody, mind you.

I know this, I have seen so much of the world. I—but I am once more diverging.

I had been in Fechenaber poorhouse some three years when the monotony of my life was relieved by a most startling incident in my career.

I had almost settled down to the unalterable; I had become the oracle of the institution, and was generally respected by my contemporaries—an addle-headed lot—although there were a few to carp and snarl at me and my ways, and to taunt me with being an useless, even a snuffy, old dog.

You must not imagine that there are not even in a workhouse envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, jealousy of superior mental attainments, and much barefaced injustice. There is all that, and more.

Why I should for the last six months of my sojourn there have been set to break stones on the various roads leading to Fechenaber, I cannot understand to this day.

It was all very well for Davis, the master of the workhouse, to smile and show his teeth and say, "Penprase, you're a hale old fellow"; I know that as well as he did, and I did not care for his compliment when it ended in hammering at flints.

"You're looking very well, you're a credit to us; but you must have plenty of fresh air," the master said; but they said in the house that it was because I had made myself unbearable with my dictatorial airs and nonsensical pompous ways, and that it was a misery to be in my company, and other libels of that kind, for which I could have sued every man jack of them—and, ah, I would have done so too if I had had the means!

No man is to be insulted with impunity in a free and glorious country like this.

Well, it came to stone-breaking, to the "plenty of fresh air," and the keeping up my constitution, as old Davis ironically put it—I believe he was ironical—and there I was four or five miles from home, day after day of my life, in all weathers—when it rained I was expected to get under a hedge or a haystack—hammering, pounding, chipping, and very often swearing, when the pieces flew off suddenly and caught me unawares on tender portions of my physiognomy.

Oh, yes, I had plenty of exercise, fresh air, and wet grass; sore places, bronchitis, and rheumatism; and not much sympathy from passers-by.

They were not wholly devoid of sympathy, possibly; but take them for all in all, they were a scaly, shabby, miserable lot. I hated every one of them.

Now and then a carriage would pass, and its inmates look at me in a nasty, superior supercilious style.

More than once I am certain the coachmen have tried to drive over my legs and make an end of me; and the fine people gave themselves—some of those who thought they were honoring me by condescending to address a few words to me—almost made me die of laughing afterwards.

There was one ignorant fellow, who had not an "h" in his whole disposition, but who had made "his pile" and kept his carriage somehow, who did me the favor of pitying me. I could have smashed his skull in with my hammer.

"Ay, but ye're low down in the wur-r-rld to coom to that, old man," he said, after bawling in a coarse voice for the coachman to pull up. "How old are ye?"

"Seventy six next Michaelmas."

"It is 'ard lines to be at that work, pair body. 'Ere, catch," and he flipped a coin towards me, right into the long grass—and a nice hunt I had to find it through his clumsiness—and bade his coachman drive on again.

Still, that was sympathy, though taking a practical and common form, and I make no complaint against it.

Had there been more money flying about in that fashion I could have borne the ignominy of my position with philosophy. But, oh, the hundreds of people that will pass me by without one glance, despite the woe-begone expression that I can assume upon occasion, and that would melt the heart of any stone less than the infernal specimens heaped up at my side! Oh, the want of charity in this world!

From the aborigines of this wild part of Wales I got nothing.

"They knew old Paul too well," I heard one scoffer say.

Not even a pipeful of tobacco or the loan of a match to light it with was to be got out of a Welshman. One man, with his pockets stuffed with tracts, sat beside me once and said he would pray with me, and I let him do the praying all to himself, whilst I chopped up stones more savagely than usual.

He remonstrated, especially when he was hit by one of the bits, and said I was a hardened old reprobate; and I told him I could not afford to waste my time, spent in the service of the State, in listening to him.

I could have argued with him on some points of his discourse, but he got up and marched away, leaving me one tract, the grammar of which was awful and absolutely beneath contempt.

It was in the autumn, when I was at work upon the Pias Chocadoc road—a road extra hard, and free from sloppiness and muck, and within a fair distance of the Chocadoc Waterfall, which fools in summer time came on coaches ten and twenty miles to see, even when the weather was as dry as a chip, and there was no water to fall from anywhere.

It was a dryer, hotter time for October than had been known for many years, and well I remember that it was the hottest and driest of all days that had been yet.

My hammer sounded like a bell upon the flints, and the leaves rustled as though they had been made of metal. It might have been July or August save for the gold and copper tints upon the trees, and the absence of all life upon the mountain roads.

Sentimental idiots said the scenery was sublime about here, but I had a poor opinion of it myself.

Too much up and down about it, and too trying to the bunions, God knows, to please me. I was hard to please, I own—men of taste and culture notably are, and despite my surroundings I had never lacked refinement.

The scenery was not sublime; it aroused no poetry in me, and its irregularities of surface made me blaspheme a little on my homeward route to Fechenaber.

Sublime or commonplace, I had the highroad to myself for hours that day, and I ate the bread and cheese wherewith a beggarly parish had provided me undisturbed by anything save the beastly birds. It was three in the afternoon.

One or two market carts, a frowsy old woman knitting as she walked, Sam the grown-up idiot from the next village, dripping at the mouth, and a little boy with a large cow were all the things and people who had passed me that day.

I was tired and hot, and not in too amiable a mood. There are times, even with me, when I am not quite amiable; it is difficult to account for, but let it remain on record.

The reader will understand once more that I have nothing to disguise—that this may be taken even as a kind of confession, apology, atonement.

Yes, atonement if you like—it doesn't matter much to me what anybody calls it now.

Kitty—my granddaughter that is, child of the silly fellow who blamed me for not looking about me, and then couldn't get out of the way himself of an explosion—wants to see, she says, what kind of a story I can make out of it, and so let Kitty have her way for once.

She is not the worst friend I have had in my life, though she does preach sometimes, and in her father's style too, which was always aggravating. But I bear with her; she is very young.

I was not in too amiable a mood, then. It is possible the weather was unseasonable and did not agree with me.

I may say conscientiously that I was not doing my fair amount of work, and that my labors were self-appointed on that particular afternoon, with a due respect and regard for my advancing years.

I had been dozing. Suddenly, to the left, and coming up the hill the top of which I was at work, I caught sight of a bicyclist advancing.

I detest bicyclists; they are here, there, and everywhere; they are always in a hurry, and never have time to put their hands into their pockets. Theirs is a mean way of getting along, and I for one despise it.

I have had excellent opportunities of judging of this class of being since I began stone-breaking, and I had never known one to throw me so much as a brass pocket-piece in the whole course of my professional career.

Consequently I did not love bicyclists—they were objectionable to me; and I should not have even looked up as he passed me, to see if the rider were young or old or middling, if he had not come to a full stop of his own accord and sprung off the bicycle as he reached me.

"By Jove, your hill is a breather," he said, panting as he spoke.

"It isn't my hill," I answered—shortly enough, I daresay. I think I have mentioned before that I was not always as amiable as I might have been.

"A good thing for you if it were, old man, for it's all slate, like the mountains yonder."

"Very likely. It's really no business of mine."

"How—now far is it to the Chocadoc Falls?"

"A mile and a half."

"Straight down this hill?"

"Straight on."

I began to break stones, being tired of his selfish conversation.

He stood by the bicycle, regarding the operation critically. He was a young man, very tall and dark and wiry, and seemed interested in my work.

He did not mount his bicyle and ride away; I seemed to have struck his fancy and aroused his interest. He might have seen in me, or in my expression, a something out of the common way. Many people of an observant turn see that immediately.

And though I loathe pity, still pity is akin to cash, and buys black shag and cavendish, my favorite "brands," though one does not get it good at Fechenaber. Nothing is good there, by the way. A dirty hole of a place.

"It is hard lines for a man of your age," he said, reflectively, at last. "Can't they give you something better and easier to do?"

"They could if they liked. But they won't."

"Do you come from the Fechenaber—house?"

"Yes."

"And have walked all the way?"

"Yes."

"And must walk back?"

"Yes—do you think they send a carriage for me?

"They will some day—a black one—if they keep you long at this game," he said indignantly. Then he added: "But never mind; at least you get away from depressing surroundings to the sunshine."

"And hard work."

"Oh, you don't like work?" he asked dryly.

"I said hard work; manual work, I mean."

"You're not used to it?"

"I have been only used to it since I went into the house."

"Tell us all about it, please, old gentleman."

He wheeled his bicycle to the side, laid it gingerly against the hedgebank, sat down on the heap of stones, and began to light his pipe.

A cool customer, I could see now; but it would lead to some miserly but ostentatious dole, and it would be etiquette to change my keynote and be friendly.

"Have some bacey," he said slangily, and pitched his tobbacco pouch at me and laughed.

He was too fond of laughing at anything and everything, to my fancy; but then life was more of a joke with him than with me, and he had a lot of go in him. When people have too much go in them they always grin.

I took his tobacco and filled my short pipe. I was not too proud for that; it was offered in good fellowship; there was no more patronage about the offer than he could help.

"What have you been doing all your long life, to wind up with stone-breaking in the Chocadoc road?"

He was very curious and persistent, and I could not make him out. As a rule I sum up people pretty quickly, and read their characters like books; but this young fellow bothered me.

He was too free and-easy, too familiar altogether, presumed on the difference between his position and mine, his age and mine; and yet he did it all in a way I could not take offence at.

He was not an excursionist, "a tripper" from the city, whose father had made money in cotton, a shopman out for a holiday, or anything of that sort; and if he had been a gentleman, born and bred, he would not have kept grinning and chuckling at everything I said.

Certainly I was amusing enough, and when I saw that my satirical remarks were quickly seized upon and enjoyed I knew that this young man had a keen appreciation of humor—which is a great gift. I never possessed that.

In all my life I have never seen anything to laugh at. I told him so, as a hint that his exuberance of spirits was a leetle bit offensive; but he only laughed the more, so I did not put him down for quite the gentleman—only a half-and-half, with a good deal of froth on the top, that required blowing away before you could get to anything sensible.

As he appeared particularly struck with me, I was communicative enough. I told him the whole of my career; I thought it was as well he should know it—that it would be worth my while—and that, at any rate, it was better occupation than breaking

up stones.

It was a long story, but it did not tire him.

It was a compliment to the powers of my narrative that he seemed to forget all about the Chocadoc Falls; he listened to every word with great attention—I do not remember ever meeting with a listener half as patient; but if he had been more touched by my misfortunes he would have shown more delicacy of feeling.

On the contrary, he laughed, as I have said already.

Other people's troubles, trials, and disappointments seemed to amuse him wonderfully; and when I told him of my literary gifts, my compositions, and my struggles to be famous, he lay on his back on the stones and roared till tears ran out of his eyes.

"I don't see anything to make quite such a row over," I said at last, severely.

I could stand a good deal when a little present of money was looming in the distance; but his irreverence and his want of respect and kindly sympathy were too much for my composure.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Penprase, I'm sure," he said, sitting up and wiping his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief, "but I can't help it, upon my honor. I'm glad I've met you. You're about as droll an old——" and then off he went again almost into hysterics, and I wished he were a flint and I could crack him.

However, all's well that ends well, the bard says. He gave me a well—something nice as a wind-up. I was pretty fairly astonished—that douceur made amends for all his boisterousness and ill-timed hilarity. It was a princely gift—it meant a lot to me.

For the first time in my life, too, I felt a throb of gratitude, the gift was so gracefully bestowed.

It was not displayed in a look-here kind of way; it was not chucked to me; it was passed into my palm, and my own fingers closed over it so sharply that he hurt me, and so that I should not see what it was until he had mounted his bicycle and was off out of earshot of my thanks.

Then, when I had realized my good fortune, I did run to the brow of the hill and call out "God bless you, sir!" and wave my old workhouse cap, and flourished my hammer, and danced like an old lunatic in the middle of the road; but he did not look round, but went on at a break-neck rate down the steepest hill in all South Wales, at a rate which was enough to bring any bicycle and its rider to summary grief, as at this rate of his it did completely.

He was not prepared for the stones I had spread myself last week over the road, and close to the bottom of the hill; he had not been prepared for the steep descent it was; and though warned by his extra rate of progression, he was not inclined, being headstrong, to take his warning and act with anything like discretion, but dashed on at his old mad pace, until he and his bicycle together were hurled on one side, and crumpled up and smashed in a single instant, whilst I was looking after him. It was like a flash of lightning, and then all so tremendously still!

I stood and stared before me; there was no movement, no cry for help, not a single sound anywhere.

It was as though I had dreamt it all, if it hadn't been for the broken and twisted wheels in the distance, and the dark still object mixed up with it, and which I knew to be a man.

I pitched my long hammer on to the stones I had been breaking, and I set off down the hill as fast as my rheumatic limbs would carry me.

Heavens, what a way he had got! what a long hill it was! I had never thought much of the distance before. It seemed as if I should never get to him—that my legs would never keep me up all the way.

I was stooping over him at last. Yes, there he was, with all the laugh out of him, and his face bloody and hard and rigid, and an ugly wound in his forehead, and his eyes shut, and God knows with what limbs broken.

Not that that mattered much, I thought at once, for he was surely dead. There was not any doubt about it.

"Dead and gone that man!" I muttered; "and only talking to me full of life just three minutes ago!"

It was shocking, wonderful, exciting. There would be an inquest, and I should be the principal witness in the case, the principal character in the tragedy—bar the dead man, of course.

And I should be paid extra expenses, and made much of for a while, and my name would be in all the Welsh papers:

"Paul Penprase, a highly intelligent witness, who gave his evidence with much intelligence and graphic force"—that's how it would probably run.

I put my hand upon his heart, but I could not feel it beating; there was no pulsation at the wrist; there were dark death-rings underneath the eyes already; he was in such an awkward heap that I began to wonder what kind of coffin he would require if they couldn't straighten him out a bit before he had stiffened into that starfish kind of pattern.

I put my hand upon his heart again. Yes, dead—how could there be a doubt about it? Very dead indeed.

What to do with him, and how to let people know, was not at once clear to me.

It was five miles back to Fechenaber, and not so much as a cottage on the way; it was about the same distance on past Chocadoc, with no house on the road that I could call to mind; and to stand still and holloa was to look like a fool, and do no good, and spoil my voice.

I ran all this over in my mind, with my hand upon his heart, and upon a big watch which he had in the breast-pocket of his braided bicycle jacket.

When I was sure his heart did not beat I became certain that his watch did—I could hear it ticking. I thought that I should like to know the time when this accident had happened. I should be sure to be asked that question at the inquest.

I drew forth his watch—a massive gold hunter, to which a gold chain and seals were attached—a handsome but rather vulgar-looking watch, and with the initials J. W. L. flourishing all over the back of it in diamonds.

A little too flashy this, and in execrable taste, but still too valuable an affair to be left in the pocket of a man lying dead by the roadside, and where I should have to leave him whilst I went to tell the news and get assistance.

Why tell the news and get assistance at all? Why not let somebody else find this poor unlucky traveler, and so be quit of all the fuss and bother of it?

The man being dead, it couldn't matter who discovered him; and some tramp would be supposed to have seen him first, and helped himself to what the pocket of the gentleman contained.

It would save me a lot of trouble—and I had never liked trouble—if I let this awkward matter alone.

True, I was stone-breaking on the road that day; but then I had left early—was taken ill or something—and had gone back to the house. There would be no difficulty about evading that part of the subject. What else had he got in his pocket? Money of course, or he wouldn't have been so free with his sovereigns. I had better see.

I was about to see, when his eyes opened suddenly as though he were mechanical and I had touched a spring, and he lay and stared at me most uncomfortably. I thought I should have dropped upon my knees with fright, he glared so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ETIQUETTE IN JAPAN.

THERE are probably few countries under heaven where etiquette in every rank of life has attained such rigidity as in Japan.

Going back but a few years, it is simply appalling to note the pains taken by the educated Japanese to stiffen out social intercourse with the most inflexible buckram of formality.

Spontaneous courtesy was unknown, and not the commonest action of everyday life, from sneezing to marriage, from washing to a burial, but was regulated and prearranged in accordance with a rigid code of ceremonialism which never varied or changed, like the laws of the Medes and Persians.

A Japanese of the old school—a man, that is, of the generation now past middle age—was such a stickler for etiquette that when he drank a cup of tea or tossed off a bowl of saki he appeared to be as much engaged in a ritual performance as when at his devotions in the temple of his patron divinity.

As regards formal salutations, he practiced some score of them, falling upon his knees and knocking his head against the ground when encountering a superior; until he acquired such suppleness from constant exercise of this description that his body appeared to be made of india-rubber.

Someone well described this characteristic feature of Japanese life by saying that throughout the whole realm there is a constant succession of prescribed genuflexions, waves of obeisance flowing from highest to lowest, which can only be compared to the rows of blocks children set up and then topple down one after another by giving just a single touch to the first.

As soon as the little Japanese is born the unlucky mother comes within the grip of ceremonialism.

For nine days and nights she is wedged in a sitting position with bags of rice, and kept wide awake during the whole of that time.

Then the infant, when a month old, makes his first ceremonial visit to his relatives, when etiquette requires he should receive a couple of fans and a bundle of hemp to spin a long life.

At the age of seven the boy must receive a garment of honor, and learns the meaning of troublesome formality when he has bestowed upon him a new name.

Four times in the course of life every respectable Japanese changes his name, a perplexing piece of etiquette indeed; first when seven years old, then when coming of age, again when receiving his first official appointment, and yet again moved to a higher office or employment.

And in the latter case, if a superior in station have by chance the same designation, custom requires that the inferior should change it yet once again.

Marriage is such a complicated piece of ceremonialism that even the Japanese no longer understand the mystic signification of the numerous formalities incident to the celebration, and the professional assistants at a wedding are obliged to have a number of necessary memoranda inscribed upon their fans in order to recollect the various details and arrangements which Japanese etiquette prescribes.

It is suggestive of the rigidity of social formalism in Japan that the language has no fewer than eighteen synonyms for the personal pronoun "I," one for each class of people, and etiquette makes it unlawful for a person belonging to one rank in society to make use of the pronoun pertaining to another—so firmly has formalism crystallised itself in everyday intercourse.

HAIR AND CHARACTER.—It is a fact that better symptoms of character are oftentimes expressed by the beard than by the countenance. The art of reading character by the beard is taught as a science in Paris under the name of "pilography," and we understand that a book is shortly to be published in which the principles of this science will be given in detail. Did you ever notice that people of very violent temper have always close-growing hair? It's a fact that every man having close-growing hair is the owner of a decidedly bad temper. It is easy enough to note at a glance how a man's hair grows. Men of strong temper are generally vigorous, but at the same time they are not always fixed in their opinions. Now the man with coarse hair is rooted to his prejudices. Coarse hair denotes obstinacy.

The eccentric man has always fine hair, and you never yet saw a man of erratic tendencies, who at the same time had a sound mind, who was not refined in his tastes. Fair hair indicates refinement. You may have noticed that men engaged in intellectual business or especially in æsthetic pursuits where delicacy is required have invariably fine, luxuriant hair and beard. The same men, as a class, and particularly painters, are always remarkable for their personal peculiarities.

The brilliant, sprightly fellow, who, by the way, is almost always superficial, has generally a curly beard. If not, his hair is curly. It is easy to bring a smile to the face of a man whose hair is curly. He laughs where colder natures see nothing to laugh at. But that's because his mind is brilliant and not deep enough to penetrate to the bottom of things.

There is a good deal of difference between coarse hair and red hair that is harsh. Now, people whose hair is harsh have suitable but cold natures. They are always ready to listen, but it is difficult to arouse their feelings. In men of this disposition the hair on their heads, generally, in fact almost always, is of a shade darker than their beards. When the beard is full, covering the entire face, the color varies from a dark shade near the roots to red, which colors the ends of the hair. These men have very rarely a good memory.

Think over your acquaintances, and see if the man who is habitually slow has not a mustache or beard of a lighter shade than his hair. It is always the case. These are the men who get too late to the theatre, and get to the station just in time to miss the train. But pilography, they say, is a science; and so, of course, it takes years of study and observation.

THE EARTH.—According to the latest estimates, the land on the surface of the globe has an area of about 53,000,000 square miles, and supports a population of 1,400,000,000 souls. It is startling to reflect there is a reasonable probability that, before many years shall have elapsed, nearly one-third of the world's superficies, and considerably more than one-quarter of the world's population, will be ruled by the direct descendants of the royal couple who are now entertaining a family party at Copenhagen. King Christian of Denmark is at present sovereign of about 90,000 square miles of territory, and more than 2,000,000 people; his oldest daughter's mother-in-law, Queen Victoria, has an empire of nearly 8,500,000 square miles, with about 305,000,000 inhabitants; his son-in-law, the Czar, is lord of some 9000,000 people; and his son, the King of the Hellenes, rules dominions extending to about 25,000 square miles, with 2,000,000 inhabitants. It is well within the bounds of possibility that in the future, while King Albert Victor reigns over Great Britain, Nicholas will be Czar of Russia, Frederick will be King of Denmark, and Constantine will be King of the Hellenes; for princes bearing these names, and grandchildren of King Christian IX., will some day, in the ordinary course of events, succeed directly or indirectly to the sovereigns who now occupy the thrones of the four monarchies in question.

LIFE AFTER DEATH.—Lately, in Paris, certain experiments have been tried upon convicts who have been decapitated. It appears that two seconds after guillotining the face still looks as flushed as though it were attached to a living body, the eyes being wide open with dilated pupils, and the mouth firmly closed.

When a finger is put close to the eye, no change of expression takes place; but on touching the top of the lashes during the first five seconds after execution has taken place, the lids close just as in life.

A minute after death the face begins to turn pale, and at the end of four minutes the forehead and cheeks are almost white. After this for twenty minutes there is no change; but at the end of that time, although the heart in the trunk may be beating actively, no other signs of life are apparent.

So far as the doctors can discover, two seconds of "life" after the head is severed from the body is all that remains to the victims of the law.

NATURE'S FORCES.—One of the latest attempts to harness the forces of nature for the service of man is the adaptation of a windmill for the turning of a dynamo, the electricity thus obtained being stored in suitable batteries, and afterwards used in lighting beacons for the benefit of the maritime interests. There is a station of this kind near the mouth of the Seine, and considerable success has been obtained.

Scientific and Useful.

MOISTURE-PROOF GLUE.—To make a moisture-proof glue dissolve sixteen ounces of glue in three pints of skimmed milk. A little powdered lime will somewhat increase its strength.

RUST CEMENT.—The rust cement is one of the most adhesive cements for iron. A joint can be made so perfect with it that the iron will break before the cement will part. It consists of iron fillings mixed with sulphur and sal-ammoniac moistened with water.

BLUE WOOD STAIN.—To stain wood blue boil a pound of indigo, two pounds of woad, and three ounces of alum in a gallon of water; brush well over until thoroughly stained. To stain wood green, dissolve verdigris in vinegar, and brush over with a hot solution until of a proper color.

ELECTRIC FISHING.—The experiment of fishing with electric lamps inclosed in glass globes, as a lure to the prey, has not as yet proved a success. A vessel thus equipped recently made a cruise. The lamps were sunk with the beam of the net to the depth of forty or fifty fathoms, the glass globes being three-eighths of an inch thick, but the pressure of water was too great for the glass, which broke, and the lights went out. Experiments with stronger glass are to be made.

A SQUARE HOLE.—A man has spent fourteen years in solving the problem of boring a square hole, and he has succeeded. A company is organized to put his invention on the market. It is simply an oscillating head with chisel edges and projecting lips, which cut out the corners in advance of the chisel. The balance of the machine is a counterpart of the old style boring machine. It will cut a two-by-four mortice in from four to five minutes, and do it with perfect accuracy, that a carpenter cannot complete in less than half an hour.

COMPRESSED AIR.—It is not to be assumed that the English "lifts" are the equals of the American elevators, but the use of compressed air for operating them is sufficiently general there to indicate that it may, to an extent, take the place of steam or water here. In Liverpool, London, and other ports the elevators in the big storehouses are operated almost exclusively by compressed air, which, when exhausted into various rooms of the buildings serves to ventilate and purify them. Another advantage claimed for compressed air is its great elasticity. The elevators run more smoothly, and start and stop less abruptly, and are less liable to breakage when a quick stop is made than when water is used.

Farm and Garden.

YOUNG PLANTS.—Soot produced by the combustion of wood or bituminous coal is an excellent fertilizer for flowers and young plants. To apply it in liquid form, stir a peck of it into a barrel of water and pour upon the plants with a watering-pot.

GOATS.—It has been claimed that some of the best cheeses, such as Rochefort, are made from ewes' milk. Goats are used in Germany for both milk and cheese, while in England the shows are now open to dairy goats for competition, some of them yielding larger quantities of milk than an ordinary scrub cow.

HINTS.—Don't blame the cow for kicking, if you will persist in milking when the finger nails are long.——Never allow a nail or splinter to protrude from any part of the stall. By guarding against such you may save a valuable animal.——The milking should be done at regular periods. The cows would soon become accustomed to the regularity. They could in that manner be taught to come up from the pasture at certain hours.

BEES.—Beekeepers should bear in mind that comb-honey keeps best in a warm, dry room. Never let the temperature of such a room go lower than 80°; from 90° to 95° would be better. If the honey be kept in a dark room the snowy whiteness of the comb will be better preserved. Keeping honey in a warm room will make it thicker and heavier. Even if the cells be not all sealed, if kept thus warm the honey will become so thick it will not run out. When the temperature goes below 60° the honey "gathers moisture" and becomes thin.

MILK FOR PIGS.—A good many farmers have the idea that milk is not just right for pigs until it is soured. This is a very serious mistake. No possible good can come from souring it, but very serious harm. After you take out the cream and water the most that remains is caseine and sugar of milk. Both are valuable. But when you sour it you change the sugar of milk into lactic acid, and lose nearly half the entire value of your milk. Feed milk sweet to calves, pigs, and colts! Never let it sour if you can help it. Why will you throw away half its value?

THE HORSE.—A sick horse is as unfit for work as is a sick man, and animals that are kept housed most of the time are easily injured by exposure to storms. It is not advisable to blanket horses in stables except for a little while when brought in after working, and when wet, either from sweat or rain. The change to a horse blanketed in the stable, when taken out in cold or stormy weather, makes the animal especially liable to take cold. In a barn the natural covering of hair over a horse is sufficient. Animals exposed to the changes of weather incident to farm work should not be clipped.

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Set In Our Ways.

It is a mark of human nature to become set in one's ways; prejudiced right or wrong in favor of such views as we like or approve. The result of this often is that the other realm of truth lies practically closed to us. Then our minds lose the value and benefit of search. The still pendulum makes no progress on the face of the clock of destiny.

Repose has already shut the door of truth, has lost the key, and is too idle to look for it. Hence we either reject the old because it is not new, or we reject the new because it is not old, or else we indolently care neither to adjust the claims of new or old, preferring the rest of decay to the song and life of spring.

Undoubtedly the greatest are those who are able to remove the extinguisher of prejudice from their mind; they are never weary in searching for truth, and never afraid to give truth due welcome when found. There is no nobler or rarer mark of a great mind than freedom from prejudice.

But truth must be constantly searched for. Accident is not the realm she loves. Her claims will need careful scrutiny and patient pondering—but a first indispensable claim is, that the searcher's eyes be open; and that his measures, and weights, and scales have not been tampered with. Honesty of effort, with a false measure in its hand, of which it is ignorant, will not avail to make us familiar with the truth.

When people play at blindman's buff, they search; but then they search with bandages round their eyes. Before we are qualified to search for truth, the bandages which have been tied around us, by many a dear and loving hand, must be removed and we must be free; to be rightly equipped in the search for truth our eyes must be open and we must have light.

There are voices to be heard in solitude we cannot hear in society. Society will tell us what man's opinion is; but solitude is the season for the converse of the mind with what is higher. The turnstile to the temple of truth only admits one at a time. Secondhand opinion and truth are no better than secondhand clothes. They each render some service, but do not well become their wearers. What we hear from others is of far less value to us than that which we see for ourselves.

The present age is great in secondhand opinion, whilst individuality is at a great discount. Men invest their money in crowds. Political life is often a matter of momentary panic. Constituencies are most fickle. Men are worshipped to-day and deserted to-morrow. He who simply runs with the crowd will find himself carried in many diverse directions.

When truth is sought for, life and intercourse with others will be ever fresh and interesting. How many persons in society find the conversation dull and listless. The "weather," "servants," and gossip of the locality, are often the only topics of converse. Such talkers are only social echoes, not voices. A mind open to receive all facts, that sees and thinks for itself, eager in its quest of truth, will be full of childlike simplicity, as fresh as spring flowers and bright as a summer sky.

When truth has been found, it will still often need courage to follow its guidance. Lions' dens are not confined to the past for the truth-seeker, and lions' mouths are still open. Even within us the voices of pride, fear, self-interest and prudence will seek to persuade us or frighten us from our path and duty.

Outside us, custom and the crowd will have to be reckoned with. To be driven by men we shall find will require little effort, but to follow the leading of truth will involve both courage and sacrifice.

No history is more splendid than the history of the men who have found the truth, and for the sake of conscience dared to suffer, that they might make the Truth their possession and become priests in her service.

Some of our river plants can only blossom in the sunlit atmosphere. Hence they overcome all obstacles until in the freedom of the air they lift to the light and sun their crown of white flowers. We get rooted in the river of prejudice; custom incessantly flows down upon us; our business is to search for the higher atmosphere of truth, and then express ourselves in the "white flower of a blameless life."

We must carefully guard the spirit in which we search for the truth. Seekers for the truth should not be sour, dogmatic, or unlovely people. We may not search for the truth merely to procure ammunition with which to fire into other people. We may not hold the truth as a policeman does his club, merely to use for defensive purposes and unpleasant incidents.

The daylight blesses all, harms none, never becomes a monopoly; so should we use the truth. Selfishness and sourness, prejudice and obstinacy, are no suitable garments for the truth.

A GREATER reticence in asking and modesty in giving advice, while ridding the community of much false guidance and futile admonition, would give an increased power and influence to that which was left. It would lessen the quantity and improve the quality. At present advice is asked indiscriminately, and given too plentifully. No earnest desire for real help prompts the one; no grave sense of responsibility attends the other. In hundreds of such cases the asker has within himself much better means of deciding the question than the one to whom he applies, and he only weakens his own self-dependence by trying to shift a responsibility which is surely all his own.

LIFE has great troubles in store for all of us, and few live to be men and women without knowing terrible grief. But fortunately these intense moments cannot fill all the years. Time helps us to forget, at least, the sorest of the pain. To every one would come some joy but for the little worries that happen with the passing hours—cares about money, small quarrels, petty jealousies, false shame, and an awful dread of what the neighbors will think if we take a little comfort, and dress and eat to suit ourselves, and continue familiar with people we like, whether they are "genteel" or not, and say what we mean, instead of what is expected.

THE conscience can be dulled in one direction by neglect, even while it is quickened in another by exercise; and it is too often the case that persons think themselves bound to pursue a certain course while they entirely forget that they are first of all bound to discover, to the best of their ability, whether that course is the right and true one. To cultivate the reason, to strengthen the judgment, to probe conclusions, to examine opinions, are obligations which a sensitive conscience should press with as much urgency as to act up to those conclusions when once intelligently formed.

MANY spurn the idea of contentment as involving an idle and aimless condition of mind that is satisfied with things as they are because it has no aspirations for anything better. This mere apathy however contains none of the elements of real content. It is a negative, not a positive, a lack of energy, ambition, hope, effort, and whatever contributes to human progress. Contentment, on the other hand, is an actual presence, a principle which gives strength and support—which not only does not interfere with energy and effort, but actually prepares the way for them by the peace of mind and serenity it gives.

WEALTH and all that it implies cannot be an efficient substitute for those higher tendencies which expand the mind while subduing the passions, which teach the inferiority of pursuits and desires bounded by the narrow space of physical existence, which lend to the doctrine of human brotherhood a meaning and a force it cannot derive from mere philosophy, and which afford a compensation for the trials of circumstance and condition in giving to those who follow them a contentment independent of fortune and a hope beyond the reach of human vicissitude.

LET a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection, there will still be in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, that without the advantage of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible he should be saved.

BY discovering his prevailing deficiencies, and ordering his life and habits so as to counteract them, a man may exercise that true self-control which is alone worthy of the name. No wiser or more valuable lesson can be learned in the whole system of education than thus to know self and to minister to its deepest needs.

I CALL that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

INTELLECTUAL discussion of spiritual ideas does not compensate for the absence of spirituality in actual conduct. Intellectual assent to doctrines never translated into practice has indeed been the world's favorite method of evading its higher duties and obligations in all times.

WE grow wrong; we allow ourselves to crystallize in habits that imply a loss of a desire to be holy; and, at last, having made up our minds not to love predominantly what God loves, and hate what He hates, we are amazed that we have not blessedness.

A HARMLESS hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not infrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science and pomposity for erudition.

THE rule with small debts is the same as with large ones; they should be promptly paid when due. Generally they are due from the start, and if not paid then become overdue.

ALTHOUGH men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

THOUGH reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation must form our judgment.

IT is not men's faults that ruin them so much as the manner in which they conduct themselves after the faults have been committed.

THERE are nettles everywhere, but smooth green grasses are more common still. The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

LIFE is too short to be spent in minding other people's business.

The World's Happenings.

A Claremont, N. H., man died the other day while signing his will.

Weekly payment of wages is now required by law in Connecticut.

Princess Beatrice, of England, is suffering martyrdom from rheumatism.

A solution of copperas applied to wood will make it very hard and durable.

Toothache drops fatally poisoned a little child in Waterville, Me., a few days ago.

A stuffed hen, loaded with dynamite, guards a Flint, Mich., roost from thieves.

Sign on an Indiana judge's office: "Come early and secure a divorce before the rush."

There are now 372,674 members in good standing in the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the United States there are nearly 5,000,000 adults who can neither read nor write.

The French war balloon is made in four sections, so that a bullet may go through it without causing it to drop.

Dry Bones is the name of a flourishing town in Northern Wisconsin. It is said to take its name from a worthy Indian chief.

A female member of the Coldwater, Mich., Salvation Army has worked on her jersey jacket the words: "No water in hell."

A prominent hotel steward in Chicago is said to make a good income by teaching wealthy but inexperienced epicures the art of dining.

The salary of a judge in the mountain districts of Kentucky is $500 a year, of a county attorney $300, of a clerk $700, and of a sheriff $900.

At a country church in Somersetshire, England, recently, a child was presented for baptism with the names Victoria Jubilee Coronation.

A Scotchman living in Holyoke, Mass., who wagered his money on the Thistle, is going to raffle off 70 hens and chickens to get money to settle up.

Sawdust has succeeded straw for horse bedding in several of the street railway stables in Boston, and it is said to be about one-half less costly.

Two greyhounds accompanying a Washington lady whose purse was stolen from her joined in the chase after the thief and succeeded in heading him off.

A horse that recently fell on and killed an Indian near Garfield, Idaho, was made the subject of a barbecue by the surviving relatives of the departed redskin.

A Harlem, N. Y., young man is under bail to answer the charge of breaking into a house and stealing, among other property, two bull dogs belonging to the owner.

San Francisco papers mention by name a woman in that city who was offered by her husband $100,000 if she would go to Europe and make no defense to a divorce suit he had begun. She refused the offer.

A number of honest grangers in the neighborhood of Mason City, Iowa, have been atrociously swindled by bad men, who sent them bricks in boxes instead of counterfeit money the farmers had paid for.

A lady interfered with an impatient driver in Lynn, Mass., and started a stubborn, balky horse attached to a heavily loaded coal wagon by giving the animal four apples and then simply saying, "Come along."

A lawyer in New York was about defending a pickpocket, when he asked him if he had been doing much in his line of late. "I've only had three clients during the past ten days," was the reply of the scamp.

Charles Leaman, who killed John A. Scott in Lake Valley, Douglass county, Nev., last August, because he wouldn't sing "Tim Finnegan's Wake" for him, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to death.

An eagle flying off with a sheep in Santa Clara county, Cal., recently, was interrupted by a farmer. The bird at once dropped its prey and attacked the man, who was roughly handled in the fight. He came out victor, however.

Till the fifteenth century no Christians were allowed to receive interest of money, and Jews were the only usurers, and therefore often banished and persecuted. In England, under Edward VI. interest was forbidden entirely from religious motives.

It is no longer the fashion in England for women to wear flowers, but the men have generally adopted the style, and appear on all occasions with immense buttonhole bouquets. Carnations, African marigolds and yellow marguerites are decided favorites.

While in Buffalo consulting an eminent surgeon as to what should be done about having his teeth out (a false set that he declared he had swallowed), a Jamestown, N. Y., man received a despatch stating that his teeth had been found where he had unconsciously dropped them.

Peter Tobias, a farmer, was killed in rather a peculiar way, at Springfield, Ohio, the other day. He was out driving when his carriage was struck by a railroad train and a piece of the wheel tire driven through his skull, pinioning him to the ground. The combined strength of two men was necessary to withdraw the tire.

A mysterious voice that was heard in an empty house in Washington and supposed to be that of a small boy, was investigated by a policeman. On entering he plainly heard the cry of "beauty," which in a moment changed to "mamma." The sound was traced and the source found to be a lame parrot perched on the back of an old chair.

An Italian laborer employed in excavating for a carriage road under the tracks of the New Haven Railway, a short distance below the Rye, N. Y., station, raised his head above the ties of the up track, for the purpose of looking out for the approach of a down train, when an upward bound express train struck the back of his head with fatal effect.

WILL YOU REGRET?

BY MARIE CONNOR.

I launch my bark upon Life's troubled ocean,
Where waves of storm and peace alternate roll;
Rising or falling, their eternal motion
Is echoed in my ever restless soul.
On, ever on, in sunlight or in sorrow,
Flying before the winds of Time; and yet
If o'er my head the waters close to-morrow,
Will you regret?

I cast my soul upon this world of chances;
God's greatest gift—stainless and fair and free.
Ah! which, of all fantastic Fate's romances,
Will be allotted as its destiny?
Should hypocrites beguile, or Pleasure weave me
Rose-chains that with Repentance's tears are wet;
If sin and shame o'erwhelm, and Virtue leave me,
Will you regret?

Will you await me in that dim Hereafter,
Far from the ills of this terrestrial sphere?
Or sometimes listen, 'mid Elysian laughter,
For accents that, perchance, you cared for here?
What though the heavens in judgment on me thundered,
Would you forgive my follies, and forget?
If through eternity we must be sundered,
Will you regret?

Three Roses.

BY JOYCE DARRELL.

FORTY-FIVE years ago a young man and a girl stood in a garden beneath the shadow of a blossoming lime, and the young man had just gathered a rose. He stood awkwardly twirling it in his fingers, and longing to ask the girl to keep it until he returned from India to claim her as his bride. She pretended not to divine his intentions, not being, indeed, quite sure whether she wished him to declare them.

Forty-five years ago in England young ladies wore sandalled shoes, white stockings and skimpy skirts; and they piled their hair on the top of their heads and braided it smoothly over their ears.

Forty-five years ago young men wore long coats, rather tight in the waist, and swathed their necks in thick black satin stocks. They did not yet wear moustaches and they did not smoke.

People had not yet recovered from their first surprise at the rapidity of the railways, and were still agitated at the sight of a telegram.

They regarded sunflowers as an ordinary sort of weed, and, except from their grandmothers, perhaps, had never heard much of blue china. But in their uncultured and prosaic world flowers bloomed as brightly, birds sang as sweetly, bees were as murmurous in the lime-blossoms as now.

And love told the same unchanging tale, so hollow in old ears, so musical in young, while lovers were as reckless of their happiness and as prone to misconceptions in those days as now.

"Isn't it a nice afternoon?" said Miss Carrie Bulstrode, just to break the oppressive silence, and she glanced up at the cloudless sky.

"Very nice," murmured Hugh Dormer, while thinking that her eyes were as blue as the heavens, and as fair.

"So you are really going this evening?" resumed the young girl, with a sidelong glance at the rose. Did she wish him to give it to her? Did she not?

"Yes. We are under orders for foreign service. I—I can't delay," he stammered, chilled a little by her tone, which he thought had sounded indifferent; yet feeling that not to speak now would entail on him the blackness of despair.

"Well, I hope you will soon come back," said Carrie placidly.

She was sorry that he was going, yet not quite sure that it was not as well. It was nice to be made love to on dreamy summer evenings, but not quite so nice to be asked to part with your liberty all at once. He had drawn a little nearer to her, and his eyes were fixed on the pretty down-bent head of his love.

"Not so soon," he said. "That is not possible. But if you—if I—when I am away, I mean ——"

He stopped desperately. Carrie, a little frightened, glanced up at him shyly and doubtfully. Fatal glance! He had hardly caught it before it was gone—transferred once more to the dalsied sward—but it completed his discomfiture.

And, unfortunately, just at this moment there came a burst of laughter, a clamor of young voices, a rush of feet—and all Carrie's young brothers and sisters—a goodly tribe—raced up the path from the river-side, and burst like so many Red Indians on the lawn.

Hugh threw away the rose, nervously mindful of a dreadful day when he had been "chaffed" unmercifully for bringing one to Carrie. Alas! Bobby Bulstrode picked the blossom up, and with fiendish glee began derisively waving it about.

"Poor Carrie! Would she like to have it—would she?" cried Bobbie, and he twirled it half-an-inch from his sister's exasperated face.

"I don't know why you say 'Poor Carrie!'" remarked the young lady, majestically. "The rose is not mine, and I should not wish to have it, for it is no beauty." And thereupon she walked away with her head in the air, feeling very indignant with Hugh for making her, as she conceived, ridiculous.

As for him, for five minutes he thought he had received his death blow. For he was only twenty-two, poor boy! and very ingenuous and ardent!

The next moment, however, the recollection of his regiment and of those longed-for marching orders came to his aid. He cheered up a little, although still quite convinced that happiness and himself had bid one another an eternal farewell.

Night brought counsel and courage. The next day he strode again across the fields from his own home to Carrie's, determined to put his fate to the touch: for was not that evening to see him on his journey?

But the words that he had been rehearsing were never spoken; for on entering Mrs. Bulstrode's drawing-room he found it tenanted not only by Carrie, but also by young Mr. Conway, the son of the Squire, and Hugh's most dreaded rival.

Mr. Conway, a brilliant, handsome fellow, and the most eligible young man of the neighborhood, had for some time past been paying court to Carrie in a tantalizing, on-and-off fashion, and on this particular morning he looked more in earnest than usual. Carrie's pretty cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright with gratified vanity. Perhaps, too, with the dawn of a worthier feeling.

The sight was anguish to Hugh. He stayed a few wretched minutes, that felt like hours; then realizing that Mr. Conway had every intention of outstaying him, he said "Good-bye" to the girl of his heart for ever.

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About a year later a morning dawned that was Carrie's wedding-day.

She was to be married to Mr. Conway at last, after much opposition from his family, and trouble of all sorts, which only made him seem better worth the winning.

This hour of her joy was contemporaneous with much dread and danger in that great world where men both do suffer. Terrible news had lately reached England from the East—news of cruel massacres, of blackest treachery, and alas! of some dishonor to the British flag at Cabul.

But gallant men had fought their way to the rescue, and the nation drew a little comfort from knowing that some, at least, of the victims of Afghan treachery had escaped.

Among the officers of the relieving force was Hugh Dormer; and he had been wounded almost to death.

With these tidings came others to the effect that he had borne himself nobly, and if he survived had nothing to look forward to but glory and reward. "If he survived," said the letter that brought the news. Tragic contingency! which wrung every heart that loved him, and chilled even Carrie in the midst of all joy.

Poor Hugh! She remembered him very tenderly in these days, and felt glad, yet sorry, to think that so noble a heart had loved her. He was not charming, of course, like Philip Conway; not so handsome, not so clever, nor yet braver: for where was the virtue, Carrie thought, of which Phil, the gallant and gay, had not more than his full share? Oh! she would be happy!

Her life now would be one long dream of bliss. With no troubles of her own to think of, she would be able to do so much more for other people. She would sympathize with everybody in sorrow—help everybody who had need of it—these deeds should be the flower and the fruit of her deeply-rooted content.

The wedding went off brilliantly. Congratulations, smiles and prayers for her future were showered on the pretty bride. What wonder if in that hour of pure and perfect, yet bewildering happiness, she forgot poor Hugh, lying wounded in hospital under a burning Indian sky?

Yet just as she was preparing to start on her wedding-journey, a letter was put into her hand. It was written by one of Hugh's comrades, and at his dictation, at an hour when he thought, and everyone thought, that his young life was ebbing away. And contained a message such as any woman might be proud to receive—a declaration of love as manly as it was fervent—and a prayer for her happiness whatever might be her lot.

Tears gushed from Carrie's eyes as she read the touching words. It almost broke her heart to think that her reply, word it as she might, could only bring him pain.

"You must answer it," she said, turning to her chief bridesmaid, a most intimate friend. "I cannot, for what could I find to say? Tell him—yes, tell him that I prize his love above everyone's but Phil's—that I shall think of him always, always as my truest, kindest, warmest friend—that every night of my life I shall pray for him that his future may be glorious and glad. And Louie, listen: send him this rose with my love; the love of a sister; and tell him I am sorry I hurt his feelings the last day but one that he was here. Say that there is no woman whose heart is free but would be proud to own his love. He must remember that and forget me."

Louie performed the commission faithfully and as tenderly as a kind-hearted woman could. Hugh kissed the faded rose when it reached him: then hid it away carefully, and manfully tried to bury his sorrow also, and even to lay the ghost of it.

* * * * * *

One evening, in the early part of last year, 1885, an elderly lady—one of the prettiest old ladies imaginable—was seated at a dance in a country house. Her expression was a little anxious, as she watched her favorite granddaughter, the beauty of the evening, being led out for the third time by the same young man.

"A most decided flirtation," said another old lady, very comfortable and kind-looking, who had crossed the room at the same moment, and now sat down next to Mrs. Conway. "A most decided flirtation! Don't you think, Carrie, that you ought to interfere with it in the interests of your protege, young Wodeleigh?"

"My dear Louie, has any good ever come of active interference in such matters yet? I can but watch and be wary and carry the child off before any great harm is done. Who is the young man, by the way?"

"Is it possible you do not know? He is that young Dormer who distinguished himself the other day in Egypt, and is the grandson of your old adorer."

Mrs. Conway made a gesture of surprise.

"Sir Hugh himself is to be here to-night, I was told," continued Mrs. Bulstrode—for the intimate friendship between the "Louie" and "Carrie" of bygone days had ended in their becoming sisters-in-law. "Have you ever seen him, by-the-bye, since that time—what ages off it seems—when you nearly broke his heart?"

"Never," said Mrs. Conway, carelessly and briefly.

She was an admirable woman, universally respected and looked up to, but she had done with sentiment long ago. Some people were daring enough to call her a little worldly. Perhaps the reproach was not altogether undeserved. At any rate, her life was too busy and too full to allow her leisure for tender reminiscences. Love, romance—the iridescent dreams of youth—seemed to her very unimportant things compared with social ease and good position and honorable influence. She was a Lady Bountiful in her parish, and busied herself with useful schemes of many sorts. Her life was upright and blameless. She had known some heavy sorrow: had awakened from some illusions: had parted half unconsciously with many hopes. But most of these things had gone from her so gradually that she had not missed them, perhaps, as much as they deserved.

Her mind was so vigorous that, unlike many elderly people, she lived far more in the present than in the past. Indeed, she rather despised regrets as a mere waste of time, and had never been conscious of rueing one single thing which she had done.

Grace, her youngest, her fairest, her only unmarried granddaughter, was now the chief object of her affection and care. She earnestly desired a marriage between her pet and Arthur Wodeleigh, who was the best parti of the neighborhood. Grace unfortunately had not hitherto seemed to fancy him much, for, although negatively good enough, he had nothing special to recommend him beyond his enormous wealth. But she was a gentle, loving young girl, devotedly fond of her grandmother, and Mrs. Conway trusted to her own influence to make all right in the end.

Arthur Wodeleigh had proposed: had been rejected by Grace, but encouraged by Mrs. Conway, and had gone back to college for his final term, determined to try his fortune again when next at home.

It really would be provoking if Grace—hitherto entirely heart free—were to fall in love in the meanwhile: and she had looked dangerously happy this evening whenever she had found herself in handsome Frank Dormer's company. She had met him at a country house where she had been staying lately, and whither a slight attack of illness had prevented Mrs. Conway from accompanying her. They had only been together three days: could that have been enough to work irremediable mischief?

Mrs. Conway's musings were anxious—the more so that she could not deny the young man's attractions. He was dangerously good-looking and had charming manners, not to speak of his reputation as a hero. It was all very annoying, for Mrs. Conway had been too long accustomed to settle things for everyone to be able to feel perfect equanimity on seeing one of her favorite plans threatened with extinction.

The dance was an unceremonious affair, and somebody suggested an impromptu cotillon. The idea was seized with avidity, and an agreeable "society man" was constituted leader, and proceeded to distinguish himself by improvising figures. As no toys had been provided, he was able to display some ingenuity; and presently ordered that one of the figures should consist in each lady proving her preference for one of two partners by presenting the favored dancer with some flower that she was wearing.

At this very moment the proceedings were temporarily interrupted, and some excitement created, by the entrance of two gentlemen. One was a tall, soldierly-looking, handsome old man, whom Mrs. Bulstrode instantly discovered to be Sir Hugh Dormer. The other was Arthur Wodeleigh, who arriving home unexpectedly and hearing of the dance had profited by his intimacy with the lady of the house to present himself uninvited. He was received with open arms, and several young ladies brightened visibly on seeing him. But among this number was not Grace; and Arthur, on this side, did not look best pleased on perceiving the devotion towards her of Captain Dormer.

Mrs. Bulstrode whispered laughingly: "There will be complications!" and Mrs. Conway seemed divided between anxiety and pleasure.

The cotillon was resumed, and the leader perceiving that Arthur lingered near Grace, and not being in the secret of the little drama, selected him and Captain Dormer to be her rival partners. She was placed on a chair in the middle of the room—the two young men were brought up to her and she was instructed to present one of them with the rose in her waistband. There was a little pause. A smile ran round the room.

Grace blushed and hesitated, while both men turned pale. Arthur, indeed, was extremely anxious. He had come back for the final answer to his proposal and instinctly he felt that Grace's decision at this moment would decide his fate.

"Grace, looking very sweet and winning in her shy doubtfulness, had half turned towards Captain Dormer, when she accidently caught her grandmother's glance and again drew back. Mrs. Conway had looked at her almost supplicatingly, and the young girl, tender-hearted always, shrank from inflicting on her so public a blow.

On the other hand, it pained her not to give Frank Dormer the proof of her regard. Her eyes fell on Frank's father, who was standing close by Mrs. Conway, and watching Grace with a strange, puzzled expression. Quick as thought the girl took her resolution.

"Nay!" she exclaimed, with her fresh, sweet laugh, "I shall give it to either of you," and gliding across the room, she paused in front of Sir Hugh. "Will you have it?" she said, brightly.

He looked at her with an air which she did not understand—an air once tender, regretful and bewildered.

"And your name, my dear," he said, gravely—"is it Carrie?"

"No," Grace answered; "but they often call me Carrie Junior, for they say I am so like Granny."

"Ah," said Sir Hugh; and bending, with old-fashioned courtesy, over the little hand which held the rose, he kissed it seriously and kindly. Then he drew it inside his arm and walked away with his "partner," while the figure of the cotillon proceeded to its end.

"Oh, Carrie! A dangerous move that of Grace's," exclaimed Mrs. Bulstrode. "He adores his son, and will tell her of all the young man's heroic deeds. You know, he married quite late; out of mere pity, it was said, for the forlorn young widow of a brother officer, left without a creature in the world to take care of her. If it had not been for that, he would probably never have married, for he is not one of those who lightly forget. What a noble-looking man he is Carrie!"

But Mrs. Conway did not answer. She had heard every syllable of the brief conversation between Grace and Sir Hugh—had heard him ask the girl her name, had seen him kiss her hand, and herself, as was natural, had sat by unrecognised.

Something long repressed, long foregone, had risen up in that moment and confronted her with a familiar, regretful eye. It was the ghost of her youth; the memory of a vanished springtime; of hopes, of ideals and illusions gone like the song of the birds, like the fragrance of old days.

With a pang, the more painful that it was new, Mrs. Conway recognized the fact that her rich, her prosperous, her envied life had been a disappointment. The highest faith and love of her heart had died long ago, and with it lay buried (she knew it now) all that was noblest in herself. And what had survived? Things that, dearly as she had prized them, seemed to her infinitely paltry now in comparison with all that she had lost. Bitterly she felt that she had thrown away gold for dross, and that the idols of her worship had possessed feet of clay.

The dance went on, and Grace, flushed to new loveliness, her eyes starry with delight, waltzed again with Frank Dormer, while Sir Hugh made his bow in front of Mrs. Conway and talked affectionately, half-pleadingly, as it seemed to her, of "his boy."

Grace was struck with a new expression in her grandmother's eyes, when she joined her at the end of the ball: a wistful, oftener look that she had never seen there before.

It gave her courage to creep an hour later to Mrs. Conway's bed-room, and kneel down beside her in front of the fire by which she was brooding, and to press her fresh young cheek caressingly against the pretty wrinkled one.

"Granny," she said, softly, "I cannot marry Arthur Wodeleigh. Indeed, I cannot."

Mrs. Conway laid her hand softly on the rippling gold tresses that everybody said were so like what her own had once been.

"Do as you like, my child," she said, gently. "You are wiser than I."

The Governess.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I WAS young and inexperienced when first I undertook to keep house for Uncle George. I need not now speak of my aunt's last illness, nor the reason which induced me to try to take her place. At the time I had no doubt in which direction my duty lay, so I put my shoulder to the wheel, and tried to do my best.

My uncle's family numbered eight in all. The four elder ones were from home: Charlie at Oxford; Mary and Maud in Germany; Walter at Eton. Frank and Willie, two well-meaning but mischievous little urchins, graced a preparatory day school. Gerty and Hatty, aged nine and seven respectively, brought the list to a close.

At first I taught the two little ones myself. Uncle George, however, thought I had not time to do myself or my pupils justice, so he decided to engage a resident governess. I was not altogether pleased at the suggestion. A daily governess would have relieved me; but I did not like the prospect of living in constant intercourse with a stranger. I pictured the newcomer as a sour-visaged lady, whose correct grammar and irreproachable conduct would probably have the effect of damping my spirits. Something of this I hinted to Uncle George, but he was not particularly sympathetic; in fact, I doubt if he quite followed my meaning.

"Where shall I find a resident governess, uncle?" I asked, half hoping we might experience some little difficulty in doing so.

"Advertise in the Times, my dear," was the ready reply.

As Uncle George spoke, he drew some writing materials towards him, and, in a few seconds, handed me a sheet of notepaper.

"There, my dear, see if you think that will do."

I glanced at the paper and read as follows:

Wanted, a Resident-Governess, to undertake the Education of Two Little Girls. Must be prepared to furnish good references and testimonials.—Apply between eleven and one at The Limes, Clapham. No notice will be taken of letters.

"But, uncle, why are they to apply in person only?"

"Because we shall be overwhelmed with correspondence if we are not careful."

"Why not mention a time when you will be at home yourself then, uncle?"

"Because I think it is a matter you can arrange for me, my dear."

"I have no idea as to the necessary qualifications of a governess. Oh, uncle dear, do see those dreadful young women yourself."

"Nonsense, my dear; I have every confidence in your judgment."

"Now, uncle, you are making a big mistake; I have no judgment whatever. I should not be able to tell if a young person's French accent were pure from the shape of that said young person's nose nor would the color of her eyes convey to my mind any just estimate of her mathematical knowledge."

"You can easily recognise a gentlewoman by the tones of her voice, and her choice of words. The expression on her face will also tell you if her disposition be kindly. Deeper penetration than this I shall not expect from you dear."

Uncle George spoke so gravely that I thought he must really be a little bit annoyed, so I let the matter drop. The next day he told me the advertisement would appear the following Monday.

On Monday morning I got up feeling that something unpleasant was about to happen. Then I remembered the advertisement. "Well, they can't be here before eleven," I thought, as I ran down-stairs.

We were rather early folk at The Limes, so by nine o'clock breakfast was over. I was just about to commence my usual morning's work when I was told a lady had come in answer to the advertisement.

"Already!" I exclaimed. "Very well, Peter; show her into the library."

The butler retired with a "superior" smile on his stolid face. He was the only man-servant we kept, and had been with my uncle for years. He was always well-informed as to the plans of the family, and probably knew as much about the advertisement, and my objection thereto, as I knew myself.

I turned the handle of the library door with some trepidation, but all my uneasiness vanished when I stood face to face with our would-be governess. She was young, and rather under the middle height, with soft, brown, pleading eyes, and a very sweet voice. She seemed a trifle agitated, and in my endeavor to put her at her ease I forgot my own nervousness.

Her story was a sad one. Her father, a country clergyman, Robert Ord by name, died when she and her little brother were children. The poor mother struggled on, and lived just long enough to learn that her son had gained a scholarship which would enable him to enter the Church. At that time the daughter was at a large middle-class school in one of the Midland counties, where she remained on after her mother's death, first as pupil teacher, afterwards as assistant mistress. The work had, however, proved too hard for her, and three months previously she had reluctantly resigned her situation. Since then she had been staying with her brother, who had a curacy in Norfolk.

"But you have come from Norfork, today?"

"No; I have come from Camden Town. I have been staying with a friend, who has just recovered from a long illness. I saw your advertisement before eight o'clock, and started at once. I hope you will forgive me for presenting myself before the specified time, but I was so anxious to be the first upon the scene."

She was very eager to obtain the situation, urging me with gentle persistency to write to Miss Price, the proprietress of the school where she had been teaching.

"Could I not call on the lady with whom you have been staying in Camden Town?" I asked. Inexperienced as I was, I felt that an interview would be more satisfactory than a written reference.

"Unfortunately Mr. and Mrs. Carter intend starting for the sea-side this morning. I was to have accompanied them had not your advertisement caused me to alter my plans. I am afraid the date of Mrs. Carter's return is so uncertain that you would not care to wait."

I was very much prepossessed in favor of Miss Ord. The few words, too, she had dropped about having given up her trip to the sea-side, made me all the more anxious to engage her. Still, I felt that she was too young, too delicate-looking, too pretty for a governess. And yet I could not see why these attributes should stand in her way. Anyhow, I could not decide without first consulting my uncle, and so I told her. Very reluctantly she wished me good morning, the tears coming into her eyes she said—

"You will write to me either way, won't you? Suspense is so hard to bear."

By eleven o'clock the hall was lined with ladies who had come in answer to the advertisement. I sat on till six o'clock, receiving them. Then I escaped to dress for dinner, leaving word with Peter that we were suited should any more call.

"Well, how many?" asked Uncle George, as we sat down to dinner.

"Oh, I lost count after a time, but I should think fifty at least."

"Poor things—poor things! It is terribly up-hill work for a gentlewoman to earn her living. Did you see any one likely to suit us, my dear?"

"I liked the one who came first, best, I think, uncle."

"A case of the early bird and the worm, my dear."

"She was a very early bird indeed, uncle, for she started before eight, and arrived here soon after you left."

And then I told uncle Miss Ord's history.

"Well, I think we can't do better than write to this Miss Price. What do you say, my dear?"

"Miss Ord is quite quite young, and pretty, uncle," I replied doubtfully.

"All the better, my dear; I like bright, young faces about the house."

And so my uncle wrote to Miss Price; received a satisfactory reply; and before the week was out, Miss Ord was installed at The Limes.

I found her all that I had hoped she would be. The children took to her at once, while I thoroughly enjoyed her companionship. There was, however, one consideration which caused me some uneasiness—in a week or two Charlie would be home for the long vacation. I well knew the susceptibility of undergraduates, and I certainly did feel somewhat anxious whenever my glance rested on the new governess. Really she seemed to grow prettier every day. What a pity it would be if Charlie were prudent—how it would spoil everything! I wondered Uncle George had not thought of this danger; but then he never did seem to realize that his boys and girls were growing into men and women.

When Charlie did appear upon the scene, Miss Ord's manner towards him was so discreet that my already high opinion of her increased day by day. I cannot say as much for Charlie. He evidently admired the governess, and he did not attempt to disguise his admiration.

About this time Miss Ord took me into her confidence respecting a gentleman who had paid her some attention while she was staying with her brother, and had since asked her to be his wife. She acknowledged she was attached to him, and only hesitated to accept his offer because his social position was so superior to his own. I fancied she told me this to allay my fears respecting my cousin, and I felt grateful to her for doing so.

At length Charlie allowed his attentions to become so marked, that I ventured to hint to him I had reason to believe Miss Ord's affections were already engaged. He did not take my remarks in good part, and the only effect they seemed to have was that of making him the more eager to press his suit. At last I lost all patience with him, and was thinking seriously of drawing my uncle's attention to his conduct, when an event occurred which turned my thoughts into another channel.

I am not naturally careful. I try hard to become so, but very often have to deplore my carelessness. Consequently, when I returned one afternoon, after lunching with a friend, and noticed that the diamond mourning-ring I wore in memory of my dear father was not on my finger, I thought that I had left it on my friend's dressing-table. Much as I valued the ring, I had mislaid it too often to feel uneasy. When, however, my friend called herself in reply to my hasty note, and assured me she had noticed, directly I drew my gloves off, that I was not wearing my ring I began to feel somewhat alarmed. I hunted high and low, but to no purpose. I could distinctly remember putting the ring on at breakfast. Now, if it were true—and I did not doubt it—that I arrived at my friend's house minus my ring, I must have left it on my own dressing-table before starting.

Miss Ord was most sympathetic, helping me to look for the missing ring until we had left no possible place unsearched.

"Well, I give it up," I said at length. "I must have dropped it out-of-doors putting on my gloves as I ran down the hill."

"Was it loose enough to drop off?

"It has never done so before, certainly. Still it must be somewhere, and where can it be, if I did not drop it out of doors?"

Miss Ord closed the door, then lowering her voice to almost a whisper, she said—

"Don't you think it possible that you did leave it on your dressing-table, and that somebody has taken it? You say it was a valuable ring."

I started. "Somebody taken it?" I exclaimed, feeling hot and cold in turns. "Why, no: who is there to take it?"

"One of the servants, perhaps."

"But I have left that ring about scores of times; they could have taken it before, had they wished to do so. I feel confident, too, that the servants are to be trusted. All four have been with my uncle for years. I would rather lose the ring twenty times over, much as I value it, than suspect one of them."

"Have you perfect confidence in Peter?"

"Peter! Why, he has been in the family fifteen years. Poor, old, grumpy Peter! I know he likes whiskey; and won't acknowledge he wears a wig, although it is plain to the most superficial observer that he does do so; but I never have, and never will, suspect him of a weakness for diamond rings."

"I was going to observe," said Miss Ord, rather coldly, "that I saw him near your bedroom-door about a quarter of an hour after you went out yesterday. But, of course, as you have such confidence in him, no importance is to be attached to the circumstance."

"No, I certainly shall attach no importance to it," I replied a little hotly. Nevertheless, when my ring turned up a few days after in the bottom of my work-box, I felt immensely relieved.

"There now," I exclaimed triumphantly, "poor old Peter had nothing whatever to do with the mysterious disappearance. I distinctly remember getting out my work-box to mend my gloves before starting that morning. I must have taken my ring off then. It is rather in the way when one is working."

"And as I distinctly remember searching in your work-box," replied Miss Ord meaningly.

"I suppose you wish to insinuate that Peter did take my ring off my dressing-table, but that, thinking better of it, he put it in my work-box?"

"I certainly do think such a thing possible. But there, I see it is a subject that distresses you, so I will try to believe I overlooked the ring when I turned your work-box out."

Miss Ord spoke so gently, that I felt a little ashamed of the warmth I had exhibited.

"I don't think I will wear my ring every day in future, as I am dreadfully careless. I will lock it up in the iron chest with the rest of the jewelry."

"Have you much jewelry?"

"Yes, I have a quantity in my possession, but I don't wear much because I am still in slight mourning."

"But you don't keep valuable jewelry in the house, surely?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; it is in this very room, but you would never guess where."

Miss Ord made one or two guesses.

"Cold—lukewarm—cold again," I laughingly exclaimed, thinking of the days when we used to hide things in play.

"I shall have to give it up," she said, at length.

I took the cover off my dressing-table, removed a flat piece of wood, to which was fastened the pink lining and white muslin with which the table was decorated, and exposed to view what looked like a large travelling trunk in a brown-holland wrapper. Removing the wrapper, an iron chest stood before us.

"Fancy that innocent-looking dressing-table turning into an iron chest!" exclaimed Miss Ord. "Do let me see the jewelry. Is it very beautiful?"

"Yes, a display of which a duchess might well be proud."

I unlocked the chest, and took out case after case, containing complete sets of precious stones.

"Why, you have enough to stock a jeweler's shop. Is it all yours?"

"No; it is to be equally divided between my eight cousins and myself."

"But the boys can't wear the diamond bracelets."

"No, but their wives—when they get them—can."

"All this jewelry belonged to your aunt, then?"

"Yes; a year before she died, her godmother left it to her. There was quite a commotion at the time, for it was said to be worth a large sum, and some of the relatives were very angry to think it was going out of the family. They declared they would dispute the will. I believe they did consult a solicitor, but he assured them they had no case at all, so they were obliged to submit with the best grace they could?"

"Are you not afraid to sleep in a room containing such treasures?"

"I don't think there is any danger. Even the servants don't know what the chest contains."

"I suppose you do not often go to it yourself?"

"Very seldom, indeed."

This happened on Thursday. The following Tuesday, I did go to the chest again. It was a particular anniversary on which I always made a point of reading some old letters, and looking at a few trinkets, treasures which I kept in a box at the bottom of the chest. I also opened one or two of the other cases, so I was positive that on Tuesday evening the jewelry was safe.

The next day I again lunched with my friend, arriving home in time for dinner. An unpleasant surprise was in store for me. Miss Ord's brother was ill, and she was anxious to go to him at once. It was arranged she should start at eleven the following morning, taking her luggage with her in case she should not return.

I felt quite melancholy the next morning when I saw her trunks in the hall. I had planned a little surprise for her. When she was looking at the jewelry, she had admired a small gold brooch of an uncommon pattern. As it formed part of my own, I thought I would give it to her. After breakfast, I secured my door, unlocked the chest, and took out the tiny case. I opened it. To my astonishment the brooch was gone. Case after case I unfastened. All were empty. On Tuesday night the jewelry was safe, and now on Thursday morning it was gone. For a moment I was dazed; then I saw it all: Miss Ord's attempt to make me suspect Peter, and her indifference to my cousin's advances. She must have intended to rob me from the beginning, and probably knew about the jewelry when first she came. But I would be even with her yet. She should not take away thousands of pounds' worth of jewelry in her boxes without my making an effort to recover it. It was then ten. In an hour she would start. I prepared to go at once.

"Peter," I said, "on no account allow Miss Ord to depart before my return. Mind, not a word of this to the other servants."

I hurried to the police station. In half an hour I returned with a detective; and in a few minutes Miss Ord was standing before us.

"I am sorry to have to tell you, Miss Ord, that the whole of the valuable jewelry I showed you the other day has mysteriously disappeared. As you are about to leave suddenly, I think it better that your boxes be searched."

"Lost? You do, indeed, surprise me. Yes, I am quite willing for my boxes to be searched. It is only right that they should be; although I am sure you cannot suspect me of theft."

She was so calm and collected that I began to doubt her guilt. Her boxes were, however, brought into the room, and she handed the keys to the detective.

Article after article he took out and carefully shook, but no trace of the missing jewelry could he discover. Then he measured the sides of the trunks to see if they had false bottoms, but all to no purpose.

"I don't believe the jewelry is here, miss," looking terribly disappointed. "I think if the lady doesn't object you had better——"

"Much me," said Miss Ord, as the detective hesitated. "Yes, do, I don't mind in the least," with a winning smile.

"I really don't quite like to," I said, "but if you are sure you don't mind——"

"Indeed I don't; let us go up-stairs at once."

"Might I suggest, miss, your taking one of the female servants with you as a witness," said the detective, as we prepared to

leave the room.

Miss Ord was so anxious we should do our work thoroughly that she even insisted on unfastening her hair and taking off her boots. The search, however, proved fruitless, and I began to feel thoroughly ashamed of the base suspicions I had entertained towards my former favorite. Embracing her tenderly, I begged her to forgive me.

"I was so shocked to find the jewelry gone, that I think I must have taken leave of my senses," I said, by way of apology: and then I left her to finish her toilet, and ran down to speak to the detective.

He was still examining the boxes, while their contents lay scattered about.

"We're on the wrong track, miss," he remarked despondingly.

"Yes, that we certainly are. I think we must put these things back. Miss Ord will lose her train if she does not start soon. The books had better be put at the bottom, as they are heavy," I remarked, as I noticed two piles on the table.

They were uncovered, being very securely strapped together in two lots of six volumes each. As I handed them to the detective, I glanced at the titles, and found that the twelve volumes comprised one work, a large Encyclopædia. Now, it so happened that Uncle George had a copy of the same Encyclopædia, and I had often had occasion to refer to it. Uncle's had been received in monthly parts, and afterwards bound, and was a full-sized edition.

"Well, that's strange," I remarked, as I looked at the volumes carefully.

"Eh, miss? What's strange?" asked the detective eagerly.

"Why, our Encyclopædia is in only ten volumes, and this is in twelve, and the volumes are much larger, too. I wonder how that is?"

Just at that moment Miss Ord entered, and overheard what we were saying.

"Put my things back quickly, please; I am afraid I shall lose my train."

Her voice shook, and she was very pale. Altogether her bearing had completely changed. The detective noticed this, and sprang to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he returned to the table, and began to unstrap the books.

"Oh, have mercy, have mercy! take the jewels back, and let me go!" Miss Ord fell on her knees, and clung to my skirts, as the detective opened one of the make-believe volumes, and displayed some of the missing jewelry carefully wrapped in cotton-wool.

"Get up, Miss Ord," I said sternly; "it is useless to plead for mercy."

Volume after volume the detective opened, till at length all the missing jewelry was laid on the table, together with a key, evidently a duplicate of the one which fitted the iron chest. The books were really boxes. Cleverer imitations I have never seen; the marbled leaves and morocco backs might have deceived a binder.

I gave Miss Ord in charge. She was afterwards tried, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. In the evidence it transpired that her brother, who was at one time a lawyer's clerk, had seen the will bequeathing the jewelry to my aunt. Getting into bad company, he and some others vowed they would become possessed of the jewels.

For months they watched their opportunity, but as none of our servants knew where the jewelry was kept, gaining information on the subject was a difficult matter.

. . . . . .

At length Peter, whilst being treated at the "White Horse," let out that Uncle George was about to advertise for a governess, hence Miss Ord's appearance upon the scene. Poor old Peter was publicly reprimanded for his share in the affair, and it was some time before he was his dignified self again.

I need scarcely add that Uncle George never again engaged a lady presenting herself in answer to an advertisement, without first ascertaining that she was worthy of his confidence.

A Fatal Mistake.

BY T. CASSELL.

ONE evening a few weeks ago a party of gentlemen were seated on the balcony of the club house at Reed's Lake. Most of them were from the city, but there were two or three strangers who for the first time were enjoying the beauty of the celebrated scenery of Grand Rapids and the hospitality of the boat club.

The day had been excessively hot, but a cool, exhilarating breeze ruffled the waters and refreshed the people who had come from the heat of the city to enjoy an evening's recreation, preparatory to a night's rest. Now and then the words of a song floated upon the air from a distant boat, and the echo of laughter from another quarter added harmony to the song.

Upon the shore near the boat house the band discoursed pleasant music, and the splash of the oars dipping in the water and reflecting the moonbeams, as the waves rose and fell, kept time to the concord of sweet sounds.

Altogether it was a good night for story-telling, and the party at the boat house had been indulging in that pastime for nearly an hour when one of the strangers, who, by the way, was an artist, threw away his cigar and related the following adventure:

Such an evening as this always recalls to my mind an experience which I had when a student in the city of Baltimore. Many of the students lived in the city, and took almost as much interest in society as they did in their school work. In fact, with them, enjoyment was the chief object of life. One of the fellows of our set owned a yacht, and in consequence we all cultivated his acquaintance.

One day he told us that he was expecting to entertain a party of young ladies that evening, and that he wished to rely upon us for assistance. Of course we were all delighted to go sailing in such merry company, and that night a dozen happy young people went gliding up the bay in as staunch a yacht as ever divided the waters of the Chesapeake.

We had sailed about ten miles, and were quite near the shore, when it was suggested that we should land before taking a tack for our return. The boat was turned, and in a few moments more we were upon the shore.

As we approached the land we saw a light glimmer through the foliage. The ground was laid out with regular rows of trees that stood like tall sentinels in the bright moonlight. Broad gravel walks led from the beach, and the lawn was intersected with carriage drives.

Upon the hillside a couple of fountains reflected the moonbeams upon the surrounding evergreens, and upon every side were flower beds, whose bright blossoms drank in the sparkling dew drops and diffused rich coloring over the landscape. The natural beauty of the park was enriched by every enrichment by every device of art and landscape gardening. Appearances indicated that we were trespassing upon the private grounds of a very large rural residence, but one of the fellows, who pretended to be acquainted with the neighborhood, said that the grounds were public and that the light proceeded from an hotel which was a sort of a summer resort. It was at once proposed that we have refreshments, and off we started in the direction of the light. The young lady whom I escorted took my arm and we led the party towards the eminence. There was a little rivalry to see who should get there first, and on that account we did not notice the deserted appearance of the place, nor realize the scrape that we are getting into.

We hurried through the grounds and approached a grand old mansion, which was surrounded by a broad verandah. The background of the verandah was broken by the shadows of the supporting columns interlinked with the moving and ghastlike shadows of the surrounding trees, which were swayed to and fro in the moonlight by night wind.

We were hard pressed by the young people behind us, and finished the race with a run up the steps. I gave the door-bell a violent jerk, and its echoing sound awoke me to a sense of my stupidity.

It was no hotel, but a private house. Behind me I heard the laughter of the young folks. Within the house I heard a door open, and through a glassy curtain I saw the light stream from a lighted apartment into the dark hall. A figure bearing a lamp came towards the door.

I felt the hand of my companion tremble as she grasped my arm, for at the last moment she realized what a predicament we were in.

The door opened, and a man wearing a dressing-gown and in his stocking feet stood before me. I felt that we were in for it, and in a spirit of bravado I blurted out that were a yachting party looking for refreshments.

My nonchalance seemed to please him, for a welcoming smile overspread his countenance, and in a full voice, with a full German accent, he bade us enter. We entered a reception-room, which was richly furnished and abounded in books, bric-a-brac, antique ornaments, and bizarre relics. An air of disorder pervaded the place, and everything was topsy-turvy.

Evidently the magic hand of woman was unknown. A little black dog skipped round the heels of our German host, and barked a canine welcome in tones of amazement.

"I am glad to see you," said our German friend in his rich brogue, "but you must excuse appearances. It is a long time since this room has heard any human voice except when I have talked to my dog Towzer. Amuse yourselves for a few moments, and I will see if I cannot find something with which you can refresh yourselves."

We seated ourselves about the room, but scarcely a word was uttered. We were all awed by the subdued, weird mystery of the surroundings; but we suddenly regained our spirits when the German appeared with a basket of fruit, a dish of cakes, and a pitcher of rich, fresh milk. The eatables soon disappeared, and one of the ladies sat down at the piano and played a dreamy fantasia. Then the German brought out a violin, and soon we were all keeping time to the lively music. Our host proposed a dance. The furniture was removed from the adjacent dining-room, and in a few minutes we were treading the giddy maze of the waltz.

"Well," said my partner when we had stopped to take breath, "this beats all the fantastic adventures I ever heard of. Suppose you examine this old German and find out what sort of a place it is."

Acting on this suggestion, I opened conversation as soon as there was a lull in the festivities. He met me half way in my advances, and when I inquired about the house he offered to show us about. It was an imposing old mansion, although the furniture and decorations belonged to the fashions of the preceding decade. On every hand were signs of neglect and decay. What chiefly interested me, however, was the sight of three portraits hanging upon the walls of the library, and my interest was greatly increased when I heard the strange, sad story which our guide related.

The pictures were those of a middle aged lady and gentleman, and of a beautiful little girl about six years of age. They were oil paintings, and indicated the touch of a master's hand.

The gentleman had a soldierly bearing, and his face showed courage and resolution. The firm-set jaw and the lines about the mouth indicated strength of character; yet there was the pleasant animated expression of a kind and gentle disposition. The eyes and hair were dark, and I readily understood our guide when he elaborated upon the jet blackness of the originals. He was evidently a man who could command the admiration of man and the love of woman.

The face of the woman was even more attractive and interesting. It was that of a sylph-like blonde, whose golden tresses, dancing blue eyes, and full red lips all sparkled with enticing beauty. I believed the German when he said the dark-haired man loved her as woman had never been loved before. But it was when I gazed upon the picture of the child that my artistic emotions were most deeply aroused. She was a little fairy whose sweet smile and laughing eyes haunted me for many a day.

As our host led us through the deserted rooms he told us the sad incident that had wrecked the home. The man whose portrait we had admired was the owner of the mansion, and was a member of one of the oldest and proudest families in Maryland. The woman was his wife, and in her girlhood was a leading belle of Philadelphia. Her little girl was their only child.

Five years before they were living in the old family mansion, surrounded by everything that wealth and refined taste could procure. Their home was a favorite resort for the best of Baltimore society, and was constantly thronged with gay guests. The walls which echoed our dull footfalls had, five years before resounded with mirth and revelry.

One night, when the house was wrapped in slumber, the master heard a noise as of some one attempting to gain an entrance. Seizing his revolver, he sprang from his bed, and glided with soft footsteps down the hall to the dining-room, from whence the sounds proceeded. He stopped for a moment by the door. Suddenly it opened and a burglar bounded past him. Raising his weapon he fired.

At that instant a white figure came within the range of his vision. A piercing scream revealed to him his terrible mistake. His anxious wife had followed him from their chamber, only to perish at the hand of her husband. She never spoke. He caught her in his arms, and received one passionate kiss of devotion before her spirit took its flight for ever.

It is needless to dwell upon the harrowing details of what followed. The establishment was at once closed and the servants were dismissed. The broken-hearted husband took his little daughter and fled to Europe, that new scenes might alleviate his sorrows.

Our German friend, who at that time was a tutor of the little girl, was left in care of the house, and from the departure of the master until our advent he had been the only occupant of the deserted mansion. He showed us the place of the tragedy, and pointed out the spot where his master stood when he fired the fatal shot.

A sombre feeling of sadness took possession of us, which the gaiety of our host could not dispel. He assured us that we had done much to break the monotony of his existence, and when we took our departure he heartily invited us to pay him another visit. It was nearly midnight when we reached the yacht and hoisted sail for our return.

But now comes the romantic part of my story. Four years afterwards I was travelling in Europe, and at a German watering place I met an American, accompanied by his daughter, a handsome girl of sixteen. The father was not much past middle age but his heavy head of hair was white as snow. He was very reserved in his manners, and seemed broken with grief. Somehow their faces attracted me and I could not help thinking that in days gone by I had known them. I made their acquaintance, and learned their history. Years before I had seen their portraits in the old mansion at Baltimore. A couple of years after our meeting the father died. In the meantime the daughter had become interested in art. I encouraged her taste in that direction, and a year after her father's death she married an artist whom you all met.

The party at the boat house declared it the best story of the evening, and then all hurried away to catch the last train for town.

MAN AND BEAST.—Curiously enough, nine-tenths of the wild animals in confinement are subject to a variety of diseases, and in this respect exactly parallel man. Even in the open, wild creatures have to fear as many ills and pains as those which affect bipeds.

The elephant apparently suffers most, rheumatism being generally fatal to him, in addition to a number of other troubles and complaints. Monkeys and bears are peculiarly subject to bronchial affections, heart disease, tigers, lions, and carnivorous beasts, sweep them to dysentery. Deer and antelopes suffer from heart disease and a variety of internal complaints. Man, therefore, in addition to the comforts of wearing clothes and being able to call in a doctor when he feels unwell, would thus appear to have certainly a more than comfortable position in the scale of existence when compared with his four-footed brethren.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

No ridiculous yarn about the United States has yet been invented that will not find publicity and credence in England. Here, for instance, is the London *Court Journal* which says that at a dinner recently given by a young American millionaire, after the host had displayed immense sums of bank notes and many costly gems, "he gave his leg a smart tap with a knife, when it emitted a sweet, soft, ringing tone, which fell pleasantly on the ear, and said: 'That, my friends, is made of virgin California gold, and the garter is of diamonds of the first water.' They verified the fact as he rolled up his trousers."

The suspicious conduct of two passengers by a German steamship from Hamburg on her last arrival in New York attracted the attention of the Inspectors of Customs. Concealed among the soiled linen of the man were found three gold watches, six gold breastpins, nine knives and two sets of good jewelry. A tin-box was found in one of the stockings worn by the woman in which were a gold watch, two diamond and four gold collar buttons, and three silver breastpins. Among her soiled linen were a diamond scarfpin, a diamond breastpin, two diamond earrings, eight gold collar buttons, seven gold breastpins, a morocco cigar case, three meerschaum cigar holders and a tobacco pouch. These things were confiscated.

In Paris, sometime ago, a man was attacked by a maddened virago, who threw a quantity of vitrol into his face, and deprived him of both his eyes. It is now recorded that sight has been restored to the victim by means of an operation which, it must be confessed, appears to be utterly incredible. A live rabbit's eyes with the nerves attached, were taken out and skilfully replanted in the injured man's empty sockets, where they soon established themselves, enabling the man to see as well as he ever could. It is to be hoped that these eyes do not endow their new owner with the tastes and habits of their original possessor, and that they do not resemble that gallows bird's hand, which, grafted on to the wrist of a peaceful citizen, was perpetually knocking some one down, and leaving its proprietor to apologize for its vivacity.

Matrimonial advertisements are anything but a novelty in Germany, and are push'd to a point rarely seen in other countries. A love-lorn bachelor of Frankfort recently advertised for a "helpmate of agreeable exterior and good education," adding that money was only a secondary consideration. He received no less than 3043 offers. Of this number 2137 came from Germany, inclusive of 237 from Frankfort alone; the remainder were sent from abroad. One thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven respondents had said nothing about their fortune, and the remaining 1216 had stated their worldly goods to be from 1000 to 200,000 marks. Two hundred and seventy-three offers were of a more or less joccose character. Three thousand one hundred and twelve offers were accompanied by photographs, the return postage on which involved the sum of 780 marks. The fair victor in the contest was a poor young Hanoverian maiden.

A curious fact is noted that months and seasons have their influence upon the sum total of incendiarism. As suicides are more frequent in certain months than in others, so are incendiary fires more prevalent, at one season of the year than at another. For example, statistics go to show that whatever the number of fires in January there are likely to be fewer in February; March is likely to have more than February, April more than March, and May more than April. In June there is a lull, in July a little more activity, in August and September a revival, and in October a rest. In November there is as apt to be a diminution as an increase, and in December there are always fewer fires than in November. The months in which the fluctuations of the incendiary wave are most pronounced are September, October and November, and there seems to be an extraordinary regularity in the number of criminal fires in the first six months of the year.

The Czar of Russia is spending his vacation at Fredensbourg Castle, as the guest of his father-in-law, the King of Denmark, and as any allusion to the Bulgarian question and Prince Ferdinand throws him into a rage, he has very probably decided to postpone all consideration of the question until his holiday is over. It is a genuine holiday that the Czar has gone in for, and a most interesting letter from Fredensbourg makes it evident that he would have been a very good, kind-hearted sort of a chap, enjoying life tremendously, if he had not been nobly born and an autocrat. He goes on long walks, gets up earlier than many royal personages in the castle, and plays by the hour with the swarms of royal children that fill the castle. In the evening he sings with his mother-in-law, the Danish Queen, and her daughters. A duet between [illegible] he sings with a choir of several [illegible], and as the [illegible], he makes the children sing all over again, leading the tune himself. All the young members of the royal party, Danish English and Greek are very fond of their imperial uncle, and prefer him to all their other uncles, of whom they have a large number.

Our Young Folks.

TOMMELISE.

BY HANS ANDERSAN.

ONCE upon a time, a beggar woman went to the house of a poor peasant, and asked for something to eat. The peasant's wife gave her some bread and milk.

When she had eaten it, she took a barley corn out of her pocket, and said—

"This will I give thee; set it in a flower-pot, and see what will come out of it."

The woman set the barley-corn in an old flower-pot, and the next day the most beautiful plant had shot up, which looked just like a tulip, but the leaves were shut close together, as if it still were in bud.

"What a pretty flower it is!" said the woman, and kissed the small red and yellow leaves, and just as she had kissed them the flower gave a great crack, and opened itself.

It was a real tulip, only one could see that in the middle of the flower there sat upon the pointal a little tiny girl, so delicate and lovely, and not half so big as my thumb, and, therefore, the woman called her Tommelise.

A pretty polished walnut-shell was her cradle, blue violet leaves were her mattress, and a rose leaf was her coverlet; here she slept at night, but in the day she played upon the table, where the woman had set a plate, around which she placed quite a garland of flowers, the stalks of which were put in water.

A large tulip leaf floated on the water. Tommelise seated herself in this, and sailed from one end of the plate to the other; she had two white horse-hairs to row her little boat with. It looked quite lovely; and then she sang—oh! so beautifully, as nobody ever had heard!

One night, as she lay in her nice little bed, there came a fat, yellow frog hopping in at the window, in which there was a broken pane.

The frog was very large and heavy, but it hopped easily on the table where Tommelise lay and slept under the red rose leaf.

"This would be a beautiful wife for my son," said the frog.

And so she took up the walnut-shell in which Tommelise lay, and hopped away with it, through the broken pane down into the garden.

Here there ran a large broad river; but just at its banks it was marshy and muddy; the frog lived here, with her son. Ugh! he also was all spotted with green and yellow, and was very like his mother.

"Koax, koax, brekke-ke-kex," that was all that he could say when he saw the pretty little maiden in the walnut-shell.

"Don't make such a noise, or else you will waken her," said the toad frog; "and if you frighten her she may run away from us, for she is as light as swan's down! We will take her out on the river, and set her on a waterlily leaf; to her who is so light it will be like an Island; she cannot get away from us there, and we will then go and get ready the house in the mud, where you two shall live together."

There grew a great many waterlilies in the river, with their broad green leaves, which seemed to float upon the water. The old frog swam to the leaf which was the furthest out in the river, and which was the largest also, and there she set the walnut-shell, with little Tommelise.

The poor little tiny thing awoke quite early in the morning, and when she saw where she was she began to cry bitterly, for there was water on every side of the large green leaf, and she could not get to land.

The old frog sat down in the mud, and decked her house with sedge and yellow water reeds, that it might be regularly beautiful when her new daughter-in-law came there.

After this was done, she and her fat son swam away to the lily leaf, where Tommelise stood, that they might fetch her pretty little bed, and so have everything ready before she herself came to the house.

The old frog courtseyed to her in the water, and said—

"Allow me to introduce my son to you, who is to be your husband, and you shall live together so charmingly down in the mud."

"Koax, koax, brekke-ke-kex!" that was all that the son could say.

So they took the pretty little bed and swam away with it; but Tommelise sat quite alone and wept, upon the green leaf, for she did not wish to live with the queer-looking, yellow frog, nor to have her ugly son for her husband.

The little fishes which swam down in the water had seen the frog, and had heard what she said, they put up, therefore, their heads to look at the little girl.

The moment they saw her they thought her very pretty; and they felt very sorry that she should have to go down into the mud and live with the frog. No, never should it be!

They, therefore, went down into the water in a great shoal, and gathered around the green stalk of the leaf upon which she stood.

They gnawed the stalk in two with their teeth, and thus the leaf floated down the river. Slowly and quietly it floated away, a long way off, where the frog could not come to it.

At last a big wave drove her to the shore in a storm. There her leaf-boat upset, and she managed to get to land. She crept in a withered leaf in a wood, but that could not keep her warm; she shook with the cold.

Close beside the wood in which she now was, lay a large corn-field; but the corn had long been carried; nothing remained but dry stubble, which stood up on the frozen ground.

It was to her like going into a bare wood. Oh! how she shivered with the cold! Before long she came to a fieldmouse's door. The fieldmouse had a little cave down below the roots of the corn-stubble, and here she dwelt warm and comfortable.

"Thou poor little thing," said the fieldmouse, for she was, at heart, a good old fieldmouse; "come into my warm parlor, and have a bit of dinner with me."

How kind that seemed to little Tommelise.

"Thou canst stop with me the whole winter," said the old fieldmouse; "but then thou must be my little maid, and keep my parlor neat and clean, and tell me tales to amuse me, for I am very fond of them."

And Tommelise did all that the good old fieldmouse desired of her, and was very comfortable.

"Before long we shall have a visitor," said the fieldmouse, soon after Tommelise was settled in her place; "my neighbor is accustomed to visit me once a week; he is much better off in the world than I am; he has a large house, and always wears such a splendid velvet dress! If thou couldst only manage to get him for thy husband, thou wouldst be lucky—but then he is blind. Thou canst tell him the very prettiest story thou knowest."

But Tommelise gave herself no trouble about him; she did not wish to have the neighbor, for he was only a mole. He came and paid his visits in his black velvet dress; he was very rich and learned, the fieldmouse said, and his dwelling house was twenty times larger than hers; and he had much a deal of learning, although he made but little of the sun and the flowers; he laughed at them; but then he had never seen them.

The fieldmouse insisted on Tommelise singing, so she sang. And the mole fell deeply in love with her, for the sake of her sweet voice, but he did not say anything, for he was a very discreet gentleman.

He had lately dug a long passage through the earth, between his house and theirs; and in this he gave Tommelise and the fieldmouse leave to walk whenever they liked. But he told them not to be afraid of a dead bird which lay in the passage, for it was an entire bird, with feathers and a beak; which certainly was dead just lately, at the beginning of the winter, and had been buried exactly where he began his passage.

The mole took a piece of touchwood in his mouth, for it shines just like fire in the dark, and went before them, to light them in the long, dark passage.

When they were come where the dead bird lay, the mole set his broad nose to the ground, and ploughed up the earth, so that there was a large hole, through which the daylight could shine.

In the middle of the floor lay a dead swallow, with its beautiful wings pressed close to its sides. Its legs and head were drawn up under the feathers; the poor bird had certainly died of cold.

Tommelise was very sorry for it, for she was so fond of little birds; they had through the whole summer, sung and twittered so beautifully to her; but the mole stood beside it, with his short legs, and said—

"Now it will tweedle no more! It must be a shocking thing to be born a little bird; thank goodness that none of my children have been such; for a bird has nothing at all but its singing; and it may be starved to death in winter."

"Yes, that you, who are a sensible man, may well say," said the fieldmouse; "what has the bird, with all its piping and singing, when winter comes? It may be famished or frozen."

Tommelise said nothing, but when the two others turned their backs, she bent over it, stroked aside the feathers which lay over its head, and kissed its closed eyes.

"Perhaps it was that same swallow which sang so sweetly to me in summer," thought she. "What a deal of pleasure it caused me, the dear, beautiful bird."

The mole stopped up the opening which it had made for the daylight to come in, and accompanied the ladies home.

Tommelise, however, could not sleep in the night; so she got up out of bed, and wove a small, beautiful mat of hay; and that she carried down and spread over the dead bird; laid soft cotton-wool, which she had found in the fieldmouse's parlor, around the bird, that it might lie warm in the cold earth.

"Farewell, thou pretty little bird," said she; "farewell, and thanks for thy beautiful song in summer, when all the trees were green, and the sun shone so warmly upon us."

With this she laid her head upon the bird's breast, and the same moment was quite amazed, for it seemed to her as if there were a slight movement within it. It was the bird's heart. The bird was not dead; it lay in a swoon, and now being warmed, it was re-animated.

Tommelise was quite terrified, for in comparison with her the bird was a very large creature; but she took courage, however, laid the cotton-wool closer around the poor swallow, and fetched a coverlet of erysanthemum leaves, which she had for her bed, and laid it over its head.

Next night she listened again, and it was quite living, but so weak that it could only open its eyes a very little and see Tommelise, who stood with a piece of touchwood in her hand, for other light she had none.

"Thanks thou shalt have, thou pretty little child," said the sick swallow to her; "I have been beautifully revived. I shall soon recover my strength, and be able to fly again out into the warm sunshine."

"Oh," said she, "it is so cold out of doors. It snows and freezes. Stop in thy warm bed, and I will nurse thee."

She brought the swallow water in a flower leaf, and it drank it, and related to her how it had torn one of its wings upon a thorn bush, and, therefore, had not been able to fly so well as the other swallows, who had flown far, far away, into the warm countries. It had, at last, fallen down upon the ground; but more than that it knew not, nor how it had come there.

During the whole winter it continued down here, and Tommelise was very kind to it, and became very fond of it; but neither the mole nor the fieldmouse knew anything about it, for they could not endure swallows.

As soon as ever spring came, and the sun shone warm into the earth, the swallow bade farewell to Tommelise, who opened the hole which the mole had covered up.

The sun shone so delightfully down into it, and the swallow asked whether she would not go with him; she might sit upon his back, and he would fly out with her far into the green wood.

But Tommelise knew that it would distress the old fieldmouse if she thus left her.

"No, I cannot," said Tommelise.

"Farewell, farewell, thou good, sweet little maiden," said the swallow, and flew out into the sunshine.

Tommelise looked after it, and the tears came into her eyes, for she was very fond of the swallow, and she felt quite forlorn now it was gone.

"Quivit! quivit!" sung the bird, and flew into the green wood.

Tommelise was sorrowful. She could not obtain leave to go out into the warm sunshine. The corn which had been sown in the field above the mouse's dwelling had grown so high that it was now like a thick wood to her.

"Now, during this summer, thou shalt get thy wedding clothes ready," said the fieldmouse to her; for the old neighbor, the wealthy mole, had presented himself as a wooer.

"Thou shalt have both woollen and linen clothes; thou shalt have both table and body linen, if thou wilt be the mole's wife," said the old fieldmouse.

Tommelise was obliged to sit down and spin; and the fieldmouse hired six spiders to spin and weave both night and day.

Every evening the mole came to pay a visit, and always said that when the summer was ended, and the sun did not shine so hotly as to bake the earth to a stone—yes, when the summer was over, then he and Tommelise would have a grand wedding; but it never gave her any pleasure, for she did not like the wealthy old gentleman.

Every morning when the sun rose, and every evening when it set, she stole out to the door; and if the wind blew the ears of corn aside so that she could see the blue sky, she thought how bright and beautiful it was out there, and she wished so much that she could, just once more, see the dear swallow. But he never came; he certainly had flown far, far away from the lovely green wood.

It was now autumn, and all Tommelise's wedding things were ready.

"In four weeks thou shalt be married," said the old fieldmouse to her. But Tommelise cried, and said that she would not have the rich mole.

"Snick, snack!" said the fieldmouse; "do not go and be obstinate, else I shall bite thee with my white teeth! He is indeed, a very fine gentleman! The queen herself has not got a dress equal to his black velvet! He has riches both in kitchen and cellar. Be thankful that thou canst get such a one!"

So the wedding was fixed. The bridegroom was already come, in his best black velvet suit, to fetch away Tommelise. She was to live with him deep under ground, never to come out into the warm sunshine, for that he could not bear. The poor child was full of sorrow; she must once more say farewell to the beautiful sun; and she begged so hard, that the fieldmouse gave her leave to go to the door to do so.

"Farewell, thou bright sun!" said she, and stretched forth her arms, and went a few paces from the fieldmouse's door, for the corn was now cut, and again there was nothing but the dry stubble.

"Farewell! farewell!" said she, and threw her arms around a little red flower which grew there; and "greet the little swallow for me, if thou chance to see him!"

"Quivit! quivit!" said the swallow, that very moment, above her head; she looked up, there was the little swallow which had just come by. As soon as Tommelise saw it she was very glad; she told it how unwilling she was to marry the rich old mole, and live so deep underground, where the sun never shone. She could not help weeping as she told him.

"The cold winter is just at hand," said the little swallow; "I am going far away to the warm countries, wilt thou go with me? Thou canst sit upon my back; bind thyself fast with the girdle, and so we will fly away from the rich mole and his dark parlor, far away over the mountains, to the warm countries, where the sun shines more beautifully than here, and where there always is summer, and where the beautiful flowers are always in bloom. Only fly away with me, thou sweet little Tommelise, who didst save my life when I lay frozen in the dark prison of the earth!"

"Yes, I will go with thee!" said then Tommelise, and seated herself upon the bird's back, with her feet upon one of his outspread wings. She bound her girdle to one of the strongest of his feathers, and thus the swallow flew aloft into the air, over wood and over sea, high up above the great mountains, where lies the perpetual snow, and Tommelise shivered with the intensely cold air; but she then crept among the bird's warm feathers, and only put out her little head, that she might look at all the magnificent prospect that lay below her.

Thus they came to the warm countries. There the sun shone much brighter than it does here; the heavens were twice as high, and upon trellis and hedge grew the most splendid purple and green grapes. Oranges and lemons hung golden in the woods, and myrtle and wild thyme sent forth their fragrance; the most beautiful children, on the highways, ran after, and played with large, brilliantly-colored butterflies. But the swallow still flew onward, and it became more and more beautiful. Among lovely green trees, and beside a beautiful blue lake, stood a palace, built of the shining white marble of antiquity. Vines clambered up the tall pillars; on the topmost of these were many swallow nests, and in one of these dwelt the very swallow which carried Tommelise.

"Here is my home!" said the swallow; "but wilt thou now seek out for thyself one of the lovely flowers which grow below, and then I will place thee there, and thou shalt make thyself as comfortable as thou pleasest?"

"That is charming!" said she, and clapped her small hands.

Just by there lay a large white marble pillar, which had fallen down, and broken into three pieces, but amongst these grew the most exquisite large white flowers.

The swallow flew down with Tommelise, and seated her upon one of the broad leaves,—but how amazed she was! There sat a little man in the middle of the flower, as white and transparent as if he were of glass; the most lovely crown of gold was upon his head, and the most beautiful bright wings upon his shoulders, and he, too, was no larger than Tommelise. He was the angel of the flower. In every flower lived such a little man or woman, but this was the king of them all.

"Good gracious! how small he is!" whispered Tommelise to the swallow. The little prince was as much frightened at the swallow, for it was indeed, a great, gigantic bird in comparison of him, who was so very small and delicate; but when he saw Tommelise, he was very glad, for she was the prettiest little maiden that he had seen. He took, therefore, the golden crown from off his head, and set it upon hers, and asked her, what was her name, and whether she would be his wife, and be the queen of the flowers? Yes, he was really and truly a little man, quite different to the frog's son, and to the mole, with his black velvet dress; she therefore said, Yes, to the pretty prince; and so there came out of every flower a lady or a gentleman, so lovely that it was a pleasure to see them, and brought, every one of them, a present to Tommelise; but the best of all was a pair of beautiful wings, of fine white pearl, and these were fastened on Tommelise's shoulders, and thus she also could fly from flower to flower,—that was such a delight! And the little swallow sat up in its nest and sang to them as well as it could, but still it was a little bit sad at heart, for it was very fond of Tommelise, and wished never to have parted from her.

"Thou shalt not be called Tommelise!" said the angel of the flowers to her; "it is an ugly name, and thou art so beautiful. We will called thee Maia!"

"Farewell, farewell!" said the little swallow, and flew again forth from the warm countries, far, far away, to Denmark. There it had a little nest above the window of a room in which dwelt a poet, who can tell beautiful tales; for it sang,—"Quivit, quivit!" and from the swallow, therefore, have we this history.

IDEAS OF BEAUTY.—In Tunis the golden apple goes to the fattest. Beauty is measured by pounds, not only among the Mohammedans, who prepare their girls for matrimony by forcing their diet of kuskussu, the national dish, a highly fattening stew of meat or poultry, herbs and dough, or by treating them specially with horse liver, but also among the Jews, whose women naturally incline to corpulence. If an observant visitor could gain admission to one of the great harems of Tunis while it is occupied by its tenants, he would no doubt be enabled to paint a picture very different from the conventional idea. Instead of a congress of beauty he would find a grand aggregation of fatness—girls old and obese at twenty, middle aged mountains of flesh, venerable monstrosities, all quarreling and wrangling and intriguing for the favor of the fickle master, simply because that favor is the only form of distinction or mark of superiority open to their ambition.

STRANGE BODIES IN TIMBER.—A man has the contract for sawing into lumber a large number of logs cut from trees standing on the fields of Antietam at the time of the great battle. He says that all sorts of missiles, from cannon balls to buck shot, are almost daily met with in the timber, and that it is really dangerous to stand near the saws when such lumber is being cut, a number of saws having been snapped into fragments, when running at a high rate of speed, by striking iron shot embedded in the logs.

A large, angular fragment of a shell was struck by a saw, and a perfect shower of sparks rained about the mill from the contact of the metals, the saw being finally snapped into several pieces. In another instance a grape shot was cut through by a saw, leaving a bright polished surface on each hemisphere of the missile.

BREATHING TIME.

BY RUTH LAMB.

You smile to hear me say that I am old, as though the gauge
Of our life's length were years alone. They are no test of age;
For oft the hand is withered, while the heart is young and light,
The brain still flushed with happy thoughts, though locks be scant and white.

And oft again the heart that has but throbbed a few short years
Has borne, alas! an age of woe, of trial, and of fears.
The step has lost its lightness, its springing, active tread,
The smile has faded from the cheek, and joy and hope are dead.

The traveler who with toil has gained the height long kept in view,
Does not at once, with hasty feet, his downward path pursue;
But pauses, leaning on his staff, to think of dangers past,
And to exult that he has reached the wished for goal at last.

Just as he turns would I to trace my footsteps on Life's track,
Though knowing, by the way I climbed, no mortal can go back,
To thank the Giver of all good for every victory won,
And pardon crave, in Jesu's name, for all still left undone.

A GIRL OF LONG AGO.

Just as, in wandering about the streets of Paris, one is struck by the complete absence of child-life, so, after much reading of classical authors, one feels inclined to exclaim: "Where are the children? How about the little boys and girls?" Or, rather, "how about the girls?" for boys are certainly mentioned, and often.

The boys, in Greece, were taught the three R's, as they are facetiously called, "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," and, besides, learned to recite the verses of their great standard author, Homer. Gymnastics, too, they were taught systematically, for all free men were trained to be soldiers of the State in ancient Greece. But for girls, none of these studies were considered necessary.

Good housewifery was one of the qualities much esteemed in women, however, and one in which they excelled greatly. To spin with the distaff, to weave in the loom the garments for the family, to direct the labors of the slaves, at a time when every household was, in a great measure, self-sustaining, was the daily work of the lady of the house.

It must have been a very indoor, restricted sort of life that the girls and womenfolk led. The women's rooms were always at the back of the house, and were quite shut off from the front rooms, where the master of the house received his guests, or did his business. The women's apartments were built round the four sides of an open court, into which they all looked, having no outer windows or doors whatever, except the one passage from which the master entered.

Although there is a great tank in the centre of this open court to catch rain-water, there is rarely any drinking water supply in the house; so the women slaves have to be sent every morning with large earthen or bronze vases to fetch the supply needed for daily use.

Then, the washing, of course, in those days, had certainly to be done at home. But if the family was very large, in a king's establishment, for instance, they would go to the nearest riverside; a cart might be laden with the dirty linen, and the mother or eldest daughter, with a troup of handmaidens, would make a great wash the excuse for a long, pleasant day out of doors in the open air, taking their dinner with them, while the clothes are getting dry, and sweet, and bleached, spread out in the bright rays of the full sunlight.

Girls had much more freedom, much more physical exercise, much more out-of-door life in Sparta than they enjoyed in Athens. They were taught gymnastics, like their brothers; like them, they ran races in public, and underwent a regular training which was regulated by the Government, with the view of making them strong and healthy women. Such fashions as wearing tight stays or high-heeled shoes would have been at once forbidden by law.

Very different were the qualities most prized by Athens, the great rival of Sparta. Like Sparta, she valued physical prowess in her men, but she valued equally the development of intellect and art. For her women she had quite a different ideal. Modesty, timidity, and all the retiring domestic virtues, together with a blind, implicit obedience to father and husband, were almost the only qualities admired or allowed in wife or daughter.

A life of the strictest seclusion was the lot assigned to them, both before and after marriage. No races or gymnastic games, no picnic washing days by the river for the Athenian girl.

A baby daughter is born to the young mother. The fact is announced to the neighbors by a fillet of wool suspended at the door of the house, and this skein of wool typifies the future life of the little one. Had the baby been a boy, a wreath of olive would have told the world that Athens was the richer by another cultivator for her fertile soil.

The boy will grow up to manhood surrounded by works of art and literature surpassing all the world has known of, before or since, for grace or beauty. The girl of Athens, will grow to womanhood secluded within bare walls, ignorant of all arts but the very elementary ones of spinning, weaving, and needlework. So timid is she that she will not dare to raise her eyes to any but her nearest relations; so excluded is she that no man save father and brothers ever enters her apartments.

When about six or seven years of age, she will be taken, with a party of other little girls, all dressed alike in yellow dresses (the sacred color) to the temple of Artemis (the Greek Diana), the protecting goddess of young girls, and there solemnly dedicated to the care of that gooddess. The maiden will visit the temple of Artemis once again, when she lays aside her childhood's toys and games, and enters into the cares of married life.

Again, a maiden grown, she takes part in the procession and the solemn dance round the altar of Ceres when the autumn festivals come round, and the annual public thanksgiving is held for the harvest of corn and olives. Dressed in her long tunic, she, with other girls of her own age, heads the procession, some bearing the vases of incense, some the baskets of cakes to be used in the sacrifice.

The youths of Athens seek eagerly for these rare occasions, on which they can obtain a glance at their possible brides; for Athens had adopted the eastern custom of permitting no social intercourse between the sexes until after marriage.

The next event in her life is her marriage, which has been arranged by her parents. The bride and bridegroom exchange vows, holding each other by the hand. Then the bridegroom makes a present to his future wife. This is the ceremony of betrothal. The marriage is long delayed afterwards. The day before her wedding the bride cuts off her long hair, which she dedicates to Athene (Minerva).

After marriage she enters upon her duties as mistress of her new home, and, in her seclusion, greater than ever, may be said to be almost buried from the world.

Grains of Gold.

When we do not good we sin.

Fame—a flower upon a dead man's heart.

The men who made this country were not afraid of toil.

Only the actions of the just smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

The confidant of my vices is my master, though he were my valet.

Modesty winneth good report, but scorn cometh close upon servility.

If you see one cold and vehement at the same time, set him down as a fanatic.

Though Peter sinned above the rest, yet, repenting, he is named above the rest.

Inclination never wants for an excuse, for, if one won't do, there are a dozen others.

Money is a bottomless sea, in which conscience, honor, and truth may be drowned.

Success, like greatness, is thrust on one man; it comes not at the earnest wooing of another.

A third-rate young man is the same, though he accidentally be placed in a first-rate position.

What it is our duty to do we must do because it is right, not because any one can demand it of us.

The crowns of kings do not prevent those who wear them from being tormented sometimes by violent headaches.

It is naturally impossible for an old man to grow young again; and it is next to impossible for a decrepit, aged sinner to become a new creature and be born again.

Femininities.

Something new in millinery is the tailor-made hat.

Paris milliners have even got to using artificial tomatoes.

A rubber sole for ladies' shoes, removable at pleasure, is out.

New soup tureens of silver have an arrangement underneath for a tiny spirit lamp.

There are 10,000 milliners in New York and Brooklyn, or about 1 bonnetmaker to every 40 women.

The crushed strawberry color that was so fashionable for a time has been succeeded by a shade called spilled molasses.

"What is an epistle?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "The wife of an apostle!" replied the young hopeful.

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.

Mrs. Bagley and her daughter, of Chicago, have just returned from a trip round the world, which they made without male escort.

It is very wicked for men to flirt, but the women are to blame for it after all. If there were no women it is certain that men would never think of flirting.

He: "Oh, my darling, you will be mine, will you? When may I talk to your mother—to-morrow?" She: "Yes—that is—no, no! To-morrow is wash day!"

He: "Did you enjoy the sermon?" She: "Of course I did. I had on a new hat and dress, and the sexton seated me directly in front of that dreadful Miss Briggs."

A Wisconsin woman recently threw carbolic acid on her husband, destroying his eyesight, because he declined to cultivate a piece of ground as she wanted it done.

Which letter in the alphabet is of the utmost importance to a young lady, and why?—The letter "I," because upon it depends whether her life will be married or marred.

The woman who pays $30 for a bonnet will reach down a lamp chimney for five minutes and nearly burn her nails to the quick to light a piece of folded paper to save a match.

Mistress to new cook: "Bridget, the soup is quite cold. Didn't I tell you to warm the tureen?" Bridget: "Yis, mem; but shure an' I thought the soup wud warrum the toorane!"

He: "You know, dearest, that an accident sometimes happens without warning. Supposing that I were killed, would you marry again?" She: "Oh, not immediately."

What a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the bankers! How tenderly we look at her faults if she is a relative; what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her!

Let your life with him be absolutely sacred to you, a thing apart, never to be spoken of or hinted at. What you have to suffer bear silently, and let even your rejoicing be in secret.

A lady writer on fashions informs the public that "the Louis XVI. hat is very becoming to a pretty woman made of yellow and black straw." But a woman built that way—well, she had best be left alone!

Wife: "I want to go into this store for a minute." Husband: "What do you want to get?" Wife: "Oh, only half a yard of white ribbon." Husband, who knows the sex: "Very well; I will call for you in about two hours."

A lady who had had her photograph taken was showing it to her husband. "Do you think that it looks like me?" she asked. "Yes," he said, after a critical examination. "It looks like you; only it seems very quiet."

Edith: "Ma, the new maid is dreadfully stupid." Mamma: "What has she done?" "Why, I wanted to practice a little, so I sent her to the music room for 'The Lost Chord,'" "Well?" "She brought me the clothes-line!"

One day little Mamie's mother reproved her quite sharply for not changing her shoes. After a moment's reflection Mamie said: "I wish you would be real dood to me, mamma. I fink you would like it after you got used to it."

Mrs. Clarissa Cox, of Wakefield, Mass., who one day recently rounded out 100 years of life in this vale of tears, was asked the secret of her longevity. "Hard work," said she; "hard work has always been good for me, and I've always had plenty of it to do."

If I want to tell a woman's temper I watch her eyelids. You can read a man in the same way, but not so readily. A woman with a fiery temper will move her eyelids with a snap, and that snap betrays her. Another who is easy-going and hard to arouse moves her eyelids languidly.

Susie: "Oh, mamma, I'll never disobey you again!" Mamma: "Why, Susie, what have you done?" Susie: "Well, I drank my milk at lunch, and then I ate—a pickle: and the milk said to the pickle, 'Get out;' and the pickle said, 'I won't;' and they are having an awful time!"

The nails should not be scraped with a sharp blade of any kind, either on their surface or at the ends. For cleanliness, use a stiff brush and plenty of soap and water. Vigorous rubbing with a stout towel every time the hands are washed, will give the surface of the nails a beautiful polish.

"White, blue and black are the three colors becoming to young people," said the Pope, when giving some instruction to a secretary regarding the trousseau of his niece, Countess Maria Ricci. "Gray and brown," added the Holy Father, "only suit old women, and as for all the other colors, I do not like them."

In the English Lord Clarendon's historical papers is the following: "At Henley-upon-Thames, a woman, speaking against taxation imposed by Parliament, was ordered by the committee to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the wayside on a market day; which was accordingly done, and a paper, in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her crime, fixed to her back."

Masculinities.

The Czar of Russia plays on the French horn.

Happiness is not perfected until it is shared.

A golden street lamp with a diamond light makes an attractive scarf pin.

Oh, why don't more men put an enemy into their brains to steal away their mouths.

It an't whut er man is dat makes him happy in dis yere worl'. It's whut he thinks he is.

A Deadwood judge ordered a jury fed on bread and water until a verdict could be agreed on.

A spinster declares that old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam.

The highest point outward things can bring one into, is the contentment of the mind, with which no estate is miserable.

A New Yorker has received a bill from his washerwoman in which there was an item of six "hamfish," which was washerwoman for handkerchiefs.

Happiness has no abiding place, but often is like the old woman's spectacles. After hunting for them high and low, she found them at last safe on her nose.

This is the season of the year when the hunter who drags his gun along the ground by the barrel, and the man who did not know it was loaded, get in their fine work.

A woman don't know half as much about voting as a man does about rocking a cradle, yet there are more women who want to vote than men who want to roc cradles.

A Plymouth (Mass.) man has arranged an electric safeguard for his grapevines. It gives intruders such a shock that, it is said, not one has ever paid a return visit.

A crusty old bachelor who resides among us declares that he never heard a lady refer to anything that happened before the war. They prefer to treat it as ancient history.

The minister of a church in Somerset county, Maine, has his sermons printed, and when any of his congregation are absent from church on Sunday he sends them a copy.

"John, John, there's a burglar in the house! I hear him in the cupboard!" "Where you put that pie?" "Yes. Oh, John, where are going?" "I am going to rescue him."

The meanest man in Sioux Falls (Dak.), is declared to be one who recently collected money to bury a dead child and buy medicine for three others sick with diphtheria, and then spent it for whisky.

A Boston woman says she never wanted to be a man until she began riding on the horse cars of that city. Then she wanted to be a man so that she could spit on the floor and annoy other women.

Romance Interrupted—Dearest, I love you. Only promise that you will be my— Small boy under the window—Game's called, fellers. Excited lover at window—Say, bub, what's the score?

If a man really loves study and has an eager desire for the acquisition knowledge, nothing but misfortune or something exceptional in the way of accident will prevent him from being a successful student.

No Chinaman presumes to allow his beard, whiskers, or moustaches to grow till he is well advanced in years. To do so is a privilege of age, and therefore marks a man who is entitled to some consideration.

Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, born in 1799; James Bradbury, of Maine, borne in 1805; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, born in 1808, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, born in 1809, are the four oldest living ex-senators.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained obscure because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.

"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said a landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "The last time I was here I left off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

Massachusetts has over one hundred female stock gamblers. It is human nature, even feminine human nature, to gamble in something, and where there are not men enough to allow it to be matrimony it is liable to be stocks. Stocks are safer, too.

In China a man can borrow money on the strength of his having a son, but no one will advance a half-penny if he has a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is responsible only for the debts of her husband.

Examination in an English high shool for girls. Question, the introduction of tobacco into England. Answer, "Tobacco was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who said, 'Be of good cheer, for we have this day lighted such a flame in England as by God's grace shall never be extinguished.'"

Two boys named Smith were sent to the same school. The twin name of John Smith puzzled the other scholars how to give them significant nicknames. The difficulty was solved by their discovering that the one was the son of an auctioneer and the other the son of a waiter. Thereupon they dubbed the one "Going" Smith and the other "Coming" Smith—names by which they are still distinguished.

A number of women in Baltimore have organized a temporary substitute for a whipping post. One of their neighbors was in the habit of receiving a periodical beating from her husband. They kept a watch on him, and the other evening when he began one of his attacks on her they suddenly appeared and thrashed him with considerable enthusiasm and stout rawhides. He promised to let his wife alone in future.

Recent Book Issues.

We have received from A. S. Bolles, Esq., Chief of Bureau, Part III of the "Annual Report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania." The book embraces the Industrial Statistics of the year, and is a most valuable and interesting compilation, deserving the careful commendation of all citizens.

"Pemberton; or One Hundred Years Ago," has just been issued in neat book form, by Lovell & Co., New York. "Pemberton," as the older readers of THE POST will doubtless remember, was written by Mr. Henry Peterson, for many years its editor. Since its original publication in these columns, there have been many requests that the story be published in book form, which has now been done. Of course it is needless to speak of its interest to those who have once read it, but to those as yet unacquainted therewith, we can commend it as one of the best historical novels any American author has ever produced. The time is of the Revolutionary War, and the scene mainly laid in this city. The plot introduces all the notable personage in the politicle campaigns and society of the period. Price, 30 cents.

With a large class of appreciative and judicious readers, there is no better class of books than those relating to the lives and doings of the great men, who were connected, more or less, with the events of the time that made us the nation we are. Accordingly, to furnish this class with the best obtainable in that particular line, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, have issued in fine form, "The Life and Times of John Jay, Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the Confederation, and First Chief Justice of the United States," by William Whitelock. Besides the essentials comprehended in this part of the work, it also gives a sketch of public events from the opening of the Revolution to the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency. A good, critical life of Jay has long been desired, and Mr. Whitelock's efforts have been directed to satisfying it. Owing to the position and personality of the subject, this Life is not overly stirring and full of interest, but otherwise presents a faithful and valuable reflex of the man and his period that is not without its interest in example as well as mere historic reminiscence. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.75.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Cosmopolitan for October has among its contents "The Passing of the Buffalo," illustrated; "The Last Night," (poem), "A Lear of New England" (story), "Illogical," "The Drowned Man," "The First Jenny Lind Ticket," by P. T. Barnum; "A Remedy for Poverty," by Richard A. Proctor; "The Burning Ship," "The Second Wife of Napoleon," "The Pigmy Kingdom of a Detmuchies," illustrated, by E. Clement; "Mr. and Mrs. Inderwick," by John Esten Cooke; "A Buckboard Trip Among the Indians," "Shakspeare-Bacon's Cipher," by Walt Whitman; "Charles Sumner; Recollections," illustrated; "The Tours of the Presidents," and "A Turncoat for Love." Schlicht & Field Co., publishers, No. 29 Park Row, New York.

The November number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* opens with a complete novel, by Virginia W. Johnson, entitled "The Terra-Cotta Bust." The series of undergraduate sketches of life in the principal colleges of the United States is brought to a close by R. S. Rounds's "Social Life at Amherst College." Felix L. Oswald's article, "A Modern Spartacus," details the adventures and exploits of a bandit, who for several years back has defied the Mexican authorities. Another valuable article is Prof. John Johnson, Jr.'s, "The School-Boy as a Microcosm." "The Story of a Stanza," by John R. Tait, is a bit of literary autobiography. Arlo Bates's "A Sketch in Umber" is a story of unusual power and insight. The most important of the poems is contributed by Walt Whitman, and is entitled "November Boughs." Excellent verses are also contributed by Mary Bradley and Willis Boyd Allen. The departments are interesting as usual. Lippincott & Co., publishers.

The November number of the *Magazine of Art* is one of unusual excellence. The frontispiece is a striking etching from a painting by Emile Wauters, "The Madness of Hugo Van der Goes." The leading article is on M. Wauters, and in it we are given facsimiles in sanguine of sketches from his portfolio and of his famous paintings. This is followed by an interesting paper on "Heine as an Art Critic." The curious and ancient industry of "Flint Knapping," is described with pen and pencil, and there is a carefully prepared paper on "Art in its Relation to History," giving by way of illustration a fine page engraving of Turner's famous painting "Ulysses Taunting Polyphemus." The reader of antiquarian tastes will enjoy the article on "New Coins for Old." The Americans at the Salon" is illustrated with capital reproductions of the most famous of the pictures exhibited by American painters. The description of Geo. Augustus Sala's house in London is continued and profusely illustrated. The Art Notes will be found fresh and full. Terms, $3.50 a year. Cassell & Company, publishers, New York City.

Mrs. Partington and her son Ike, it is said, both use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for colds.

Every traveling man should take with him a bottle of Salvation Oil. Price, only 25 cents.

Shadows of the Past.

BY C. J.

I SIT alone. The night wind sighs about my humble biggin. The streets are quiet, for the old clock "ben the hoose" has just struck twelve, and my thoughts, as they are wont, wander listlessly about the room.

The flickering fire reflects its fitful light about me, and casts weird shadows along the floor, for my lamp has burned low. From picture on to picture my eyes wander; but the uncertain light will not stay with them.

The oaken sideboard, which has been an heirloom in the family now for generations, stands dull and dead beside me. The otherwise meagre furnishings of my lonely room offer little food for meditation, and I gaze upon the dying embers before me until the glowing tiny casements fall one by one in total wreck and ruin, and their place is marked by blackened ashes.

Upon the mantel-shelf are ranged, with studious care, the little trinkets of a happier time. Here, my mother's tiny oaken workbox, beneath the unlocked lid of which are placed her silver thimble, that she loved so well; her needles, now besmeared with rust, from lack of use; and her little odds and ends, so needful once, and so much respected.

And there is father's silver snuff-box, with initialed lid and well-carved top; and when I take it from its place the happier past reveals itself to me:

I see his comely face reflected on the lid, I hear his kindly voice speak words of homely comfort and correction, as I have often heard in days gone by. I look, and as I look, the face is gone, and the merry chat of old familiar friends, friends of my father's strikes upon my ear. The merry song, the merrier laugh, the joyful clink of glasses when the toasts are pledged—these bring me back to past festivities, rare, though always happy.

The sounds and faces vanish. I open wide the lid, and in the corners of the box there still are seen small particles of my father's favorite snuff. Even now it has not lost its flavor; and as its minute atoms seek my brain, I think I sit with him once more in the "auld kirk at hame."

I hear us chant in dragging measures the solemn psalm, and favorite of my father's, "Old Hundred." I hear the earnest pastor pray, and the lesson read; and when the sermon is begun, I see the "snuff mull" passed from hand to hand; and involuntarily, I stretch it out at arm's length even now.

Old faces, familiar with their friendliness, appear before me one by one; and forms that I used to know stand betwixt me and the fire. I shut the snuff-box lid, and faces and forms sink away from me.

But what is this that lies beside the box? A silver watch with dimpled case. Ah, that, too, tells its tale. Full many a time I have seen that old watch wound and carried forth in hands that used to hold me as a child, and clasp in firm grip with mine in meetings and partings of the later years. I have seen it in its brighter days, when its works were active, and not dead, as they have been for so long.

Its owner, too! Ah, me! how short and yet how long it seems since he took me on his knee and told the story of that very watch.

"The dimple on the case?" he'd say, in answer to my childish query. "Why, my lad, I've told you that a thousand times, I am sure."

And now I hear the story told again. I see the opposing forces stand at Waterloo; I hear the heavy guns burst in upon my ear, the yells of pain and shouts of exortation; and among the British ranks stands one I know to be my father.

The bullets, bringing death, whiz past in fast succession. I watch my father, with his brave companions, fighting in the thickest of the fray. I fear his death, and pray for his deliverance. A bullet strikes his breast!

"Oh, God!" I cry; "he's gone!"

I look again; but still he fights right manfully. How is this? That silver watch guarded the spot which the bullet struck. My brave father's life was saved.

I hear a cheer that shakes the earth on which I stand; I see the stubborn foe disperse like chaff; and now I know that the battle is won. The scene of carnage melts away. I put the watch back to its sacred place, just as the dying notes of victory touch my ear.

Once more I scan the mantel-shelf, and there, half hidden in a crevice of the wall, I see a tiny paper parcel. I open it, and find within a lock of yellow hair. Ah, me! that golden ringlet opens out a volume of the past.

I feel that I am young again and full of hope. The moon shines down upon the glassy lake, and I stroll listlessly with a fair companion along the woodland path, and speak of love and future happiness. I feel the gentle pressure of my loved one's hand, and hear her tell me that she'll aye be mine.

But darker days come on. I watch the progress of that dry, harsh cough; I see the face grow wan and pinched, the eyes grow dull, the shoulders stoop, the hands grow thinner by degrees. She tells me she is dying, and I know she speaks the awful truth.

My hopes and aspirations fall, for they were all built up in that sweet form. I watch her while she dies—by day and night I watch, till the change comes, and I am left alone.

But on the evening that her spirit fled, she gave me that yellow curl from off her head, and there and then I vowed to keep it sacred.

I hear the old clock chime the hour of two; I look around me, and the room is dark. My fire is out; my oil-lamp burns low; and I have been amidst the Shadows of the Past.

EARLY STEAM NAVIGATION.—The first steam navigation in the world was by the steamboat *Phœnix*, built by John Stevens, and navigated from Hoboken to Philadelphia, by Robert Stevens, in the year 1808. The first steam voyage across the Atlantic was made in the year 1819. To the *Savannah*, an American vessel of 380 tons burthen, launched at Corlear's Hook, New York, Aug. 23, 1818, with side wheels, is due the honor of accomplishing this feat. The steamer went from New York to Savannah, and sailed thence to England. She made the passage in twenty-five days, during eighteen of which she used steam. At Liverpool the *Savannah* made a great sensation, and at one time some of the less sagacious took her for a vessel on fire. There was no room for cargo when the vessel was stored with coal. The *Savannah* was sent from England to Russia to be sold to the Czar, and proceeded to St. Petersburg, but the sale was not consummated. It was said that $50,000 was lost by this enterprise. Captain Moses Rogers commanded the *Savannah*. Lord Lynedoch presented Captain Rogers with an inscribed tea-kettle. The return voyage from St. Petersburg direct to New York was made in twenty-six days. It may be interesting to the reader to know that the *Savannah* was afterwards converted into a sailing vessel. She was eventually wrecked on the south coast of Long Island. From that time the ventures in ocean steam navigation were almost without number, and not a year passed that did not see great improvements and changes, and successful trips in steam vessels.

In 1825 the steamer *Enterprise* went to Calcutta from England, taking 113 days in doing it, and as early as 1836 propositions were made to establish lines of steam vessels between New York and Liverpool. Two years later the period of great steamships began. In was in 1838 that the *Sirius*, a ship of 700 tons and 350 horse-power, sailed from Cork, April 4, and the *Great Western*, a comparatively powerful steamer, of 450 horse-power, paddle-wheels 28 feet diameter, and 10 feet length of floats, sailed from Bristol, April 8. Both steamers arrived in New York April 23, the *Sirius* in the morning, and the *Great Western* in the afternoon.

A small steamer, named the *Midas*, propelled by a double screw, left New York in 1844, and was the first American steam vessel to pass the Cape of Good Hope. She became a passenger vessel on the internal waters of China.

About the time when the *Sirius* and *Great Western* made their successful trial trips, Ericsson, Smith and others were again experimenting with the screw, and Ericsson soon put it into general use in the United States. His first boat was successful in 1837 as a tug on the Thames. The first naval screw was the *Archimedes*, built for the British navy in 1840. She was so successful that comparatively few ocean paddle steamers were constructed thereafter. In 1847 the first transatlantic screw steamer, the *Massachusetts*, made the voyage.

A GENTLEMAN entered a phrenologist's office in Boston and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection the professor started back exclaiming: "Good heavens! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. "Were your parents eccentric?" "No, sir," replied the all-round character, meekly, "but my wife is. You needn't pay any attention to the larger bumps, sir."

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Saxony Plaids, with armure figures of contrasting colors, 38 inch, 50 cents.
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No. 9, 1½ in.,	14c.	No. 9, 1½ in.,	17c.
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During the time I have been afflicted I have tried almost all the remedies recommended by wise men and fools, hoping to find relief, but all proved to be failures.

I have tried various kinds of baths, manipulations, outward applications of liniments too numerous to mention, and prescriptions of the most eminent physicians, all of which failed to give me relief.

Last September, at the urgent request of a friend (who had been afflicted as myself), I was induced to try your remedy. I was then suffering fearfully with one of my old turns. To my surprise and delight the first application gave me ease, after bathing and rubbing the parts affected, leaving the limbs in a warm glow, created by the Relief. In a short time the pain passed entirely away, although I have slight periodical attacks approaching a change of weather. I know now how to cure myself, and feel quite master of the situation. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is my friend. I never travel without a bottle in my valise. Yours truly,
GEO. STARR.

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For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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Will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning about ten o'clock, as a dinner pill. By so doing

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Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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☞Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Humorous.

FATE WAS AGAINST HER.

"Will you be mine?" said the ardent youth;
"No, no," the maiden said,
As she looked at him with a mocking smile
And pertly tossed her head.

He slipped on her finger a sparkling ring
And drew her to his side;
"Two noes mean yes, you saucy minx,"
Exultingly he cried.

He held her fast; he watched her frown—
Then pout—then blush and stammer;
The dear girl couldn't stand a siege
Of love and English grammar.

—U. M. Noss.

A burning shame—A bad cigar.

Fancy work—Castles in the air.

Regular military tools—"Files" of soldiers.

"You make me tired," as the wheel said to the wagon-maker.

The dishonest butcher is always willing to meet his customers half-weigh.

"Oh, mamma!" sighed little Ethel, "I have such a headache in my sash!"

Our best friends are those who keep perfectly quiet when some one is enumerating our virtues.

Cardinal Newman says a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. This is rough on dentists.

"I think I'll give this country the shake," remarked Mr. Malaria, as he prepared for business.

The English House of Lords now rejoices in a new and appropriate title—The House of Landlords.

One danger of female suffrage is that the women may want the men to bet them $20 bonnets against $5 hats on the result.

A physician says a man is shorter during the day than night. That is probably because his wife picks his pockets in the morning.

It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But this country started in business with thirteen States, and seemed to be holding her own up to going to press.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind, but, when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses everybody I ever knew.

Brown, who has no idea whatever of the eternal fitness of things, thinks that it would be a good idea to put the lawyers who are trying a case under oath the same as the witnesses.

If Eve had worn bangs, a bustle and a big hat when she first burst upon the sight of Adam, that gentleman would have run away from his boarding house and taken to the woods.

"Women cannot be satirical," says a writer, "any more than they can be humorous." So? How is it that when a man, after courting a girl for seven years, proposes, she says: "Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

He was kneeling at her feet and saying, "My precious sweet, life lingers to me as a petunia streaked with the glorious golden fretting of a soul which knoweth no love so—" "Oh, Henry," said she, "how you smell of tobacco!"

"You know, of course," said the old man to the young man, "that my daughter has $100,000 in her own right?" "Yes, sir." "And you are not worth a cent?" "I'm poor, sir; but, Great Scott! $100,000 is enough for two!"

"Bobby," said his mother, "I told you not to forget to bring up three scuttles of coal before you went to school, and you only brought up two." "I know, ma, but I forgot the third one. Three scuttles is a good many for a little boy like me to remember."

First young lady: "Have you ever seen that wretched dude, Gus Snobberly?" Second young lady: "Yes, I have been introduced to him." "What do you think of him?" "My opinion of him is that if the monkeys in the Zoo see him it will make them egotistical."

"Did you say that I never missed a drink, sir?" a man demanded of his neighbor, in a very angry and threatening manner. "I may have done so was the reply. "But I never drink, and you know it?" "Then you never miss it, do you?" That put the matter in a different light, and they took a smoke together.

They had been sitting in contemplative silence for a long time, when William musingly said: "I think, Naomi, that there is a great deal of wisdom in that old saying, 'Silence is golden.'" "There may be, but gold is unhandy; I would rather have a Bill." It took him an hour to catch on, but he finally offered himself.

A lawyer caught a tramp in his office stealing some law books, which the latter intended to pawn. Seizing the intruder the lawyer exclaimed: "You scoundrel! I'll save you tried and sent to the penitentiary." "Let go my neck, Colonel. If you are going to have me tried I reckon I had better engage you as my lawyer, since you have the luck to be on hand."

De Lone, on being introduced: "Miss Coquette and I have met before." Miss Coquette, coldly: "Yes, I remember now." "We will let bygones be by-gones, for time heals all wounds, and no doubt I was a very silly boy at that time." "Boy?" "I must have been; it was ten years ago, and your reason for refusing me was that you were old enough to be my mother."

It was raining hard and he stood under the shelter of an awning and watched until the right sort of a man came along. Then he stepped out and said: "Ah! I was laying for you, old fellow! That umbrella was stolen from me three months ago." "Chestnuts!" was the prompt reply. "Don't you believe me?" "Hush! I just got it five minutes ago by playing the same game. Tackle the next fellow."

GLUE AND ICE-CREAM.—The occasional illness resulting from eating cheap ice-cream may be traced to glue. The use of gelatine to prevent ice-cream from losing form and melting down rapidly is desirable and even necessary, and, were good gelatine, such as is prepared for food-purposes, employed, no objection could be raised. But close competition and the greed of gain tempt manufacturers of the cream to buy glue at less price as a substitute for gelatine. The cream-makers are usually ignorant that antiseptics, which are nearly all poisonous, are frequently employed by glue manufacturers to prevent decomposition of the very perishable materials from which the glue is made. The cream-maker does not usually state that he wants glue for making into ice-cream, and so the seller has no opportunity to warn, and the cream-maker uses the glue, and wonders why it makes people ill.

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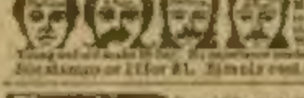

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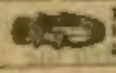

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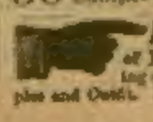

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

For the autumn and winter season, Fashion is about to favor shot or changeable materials, both in silk and wool. Some patterns are plaids in soft tones—shade upon shade on such grounds as gray, dead-leaf, and brown, upon which lines cross each other in dark brown, red, blue, etc.

These materials will be trimmed with plaid silk, surah and poplin; these have navy blue, brown, prune and garnet grounds, the squares being formed of lighter shades.

There is no doubt but that soft, silky shot poplins will be in favor for medium costumes; the fabric is more dressy looking than woollen, and not so full dress as silk.

The new woollens are unusually diverse; they are plain, shot, covered with small patterns, and many are striped. The fashionable colors grays, browns, dark heliotrope, shades of bronze, blue, red, and golden moss-green; but in the finest make of French cloth, the newest and prettiest colors are to be found, as cloth takes such excellent dyes.

The colors in vogue in this fabric are all shades of beaver brown, copper red, chaudron, peau de Suede, Bordeaux-red, madder-red, amaranth, dark heliotrope, golden-mousse, and Gobelin-blue.

The new silks are also shot, and the two colors woven together produce marvellous effects, especially under artificial light. The most fashionable shots in silken fabrics are, first velvet, then plush with a long pile, moire antique with large patterns (several of these are made), rich brocades, peau de soie, faille and satin.

Two, or even three, silken fabrics will be combined in one dress, so as to produce varied effects as on a painter's pallette. Such silks will be plain, striped and patterned, but always with a shot ground. Velvet stripes on peau de soie, plush stripes on moire, will also be worn.

The favorite mixtures in shot silks are brown and pink, serpent-green and gray, pink-copper and blue, old blue and beaver brown, mousse and red, Bordeaux and old-gold, sapphire-blue and jonquil-yellow, mousse and bright pink. There are many others, but these are the principal.

The new trimmings are quite worthy of the rich shot silks for which they are designed. They are principally galons woven in shaded silks, and in either gold or silver, and in every shade of metal imaginable to match the materials.

Then there are beaded galons in all shades, openworked like embroideries. The richest and most delicate embroideries are made of silk mixed with beads, and they always match the costume in color.

The rntstail passementeries are to be greatly in vogue, fringes of all depths, both with and without the ball of beads or gimp, and at the end of each strand.

Later on, fur will be much used for trimming velvet, plush and cloth dresses. Imitation furs and down feathers of all sorts will be used, as great skill has been directed to render these fancy borderings absolutely like the real ones.

Many of the latest Parisian bonnets are in shot velvet, trimmed with birds and wings of the most beautiful shades to match the velvet. The shapes are varied. Directoires, with large brims advancing considerably beyond the forehead; toques, large hats with low crowns, ornamented with tufts of feathers at the back, will all be worn. The following models are selected from an excellent assortment:

1. A bonnet with pointed brim in shot blue velvet, trimmed with the throat feathers of a parrot, mounted as a ribbon; the crown covered with beautiful Irish point made of cream silk; the aigrette is of light cream feathers, arranged like cock's plumes. The clusters of curved cock's plumes now in favor will be retained in large groups, but the straight quills called "points" are newer, and each group of points comprises sometimes half a dozen colors.

2. A black Directoire bonnet, the large brim covered in velvet, the crown in a jet trellis work, with lace, which also forms the strings, loops of black moire ribbon outside, and around the face an aureole of lace and comete ribbon.

3. A Normandy bonnet in pigeon-blue cloth (a sort of Gobelin blue), trimmed with Louis XVI. blue silk embroidery on white cloth; a wide Gobelin ribbon suspends from the throat a muff to match the bonnet, for it will be fashionable to carry a muff made of similar materials to the headgear, fastened either to a ribbon or a small box.

Thoroughly made and really tailor-made gowns are calculated to wear well and stand the knocking about which they are apt to get even in ordinary country wear, and are sure to have when used for traveling.

Some excellent new cloths are being made up for traveling cloaks; they are firm and not too thick, but perfectly close-woven, having a twill ground and an interwoven pattern, sometimes in distinct colors, sometimes in self tones. The Elcho cloak, for example, is made of the new red tone, with a geometric design in lighter and darker shades combined. It has dark velvet cuffs and collar. It entirely covers the dress and fits the figure at the back, being cut in a point around which the fulness of the skirt is gathered. It has a hood lined with dark silk to match the velvet, and is loose in front. But the distinctive novelty is bell-sleeves about twelve inches wide, bordered with velvet. A great comfort this, as the sleeves of the dress do not suffer by being too closely compressed, as was the case with fashionable ulsters for a while.

A most excellent coat, which finds favor with American women, is made in dark blue beaver cloth, the same as that used for men's best overcoats; it fits the figure exactly, and is full in the skirt, and handsomely braided in knots with tubular braid, having Astrakhan collar and cuffs, and a strip down the front. It is a garment that would last for years, is equally fitted for town or country wear, and always looks well.

Another coat which is also much in favor has a loose double front and a cape, is sufficiently long to cover the dress, and is made of the most durable materials.

A new mantle made in thick, self-colored interwoven check cloth, shows a still more important change in sleeves; they start from the back seam, and are sufficiently wide and long for the points to reach to the hem.

Many so-called circular cloaks are made in tartans, which are much the fashion now. This make rather supersedes the circulars, and can hardly be said to come under the same class. It fits at the back, is all round and developes the figure.

Perhaps, however, there is no kind of serviceable wrap coat that is so generally appreciated as the Derby coat, with sling-sleeves, made in good checked cloth.

A new shape, in green bright-faced brocaded cloth, fits the figure back and front, and has long hanging sleeves; so that, being trimmed with beaver, it recalls the Polish dress somewhat.

There is certainly an inclination to make the basque jackets a couple of inches longer. A pretty new make fits closely, has a deep turned-down rolled collar of Astrakhan, and is braided after the fashion of the Polish Lancer regiments, Astrakhan again bordering the sleeves, which are wider than they have been for some time. In some of the new models no fastening is visible, and loose double fronts are much worn.

A new idea is a jacket with silk revers, left open in front, and simply kept together by a strap of silk-covered elastic across the chest. Beaver is introduced on many of the leather-colored cloths, and sea-otter, which is far too expensive to be generally used.

There are a number of new gowns notable for the simple but graceful way in which the skirts are draped, as in the case of a plain heliotrope faced cloth, the long draperies simply stitched, the bodice made with a stone-colored cloth waistcoat, fastening down the front; plain revers on the heliotrope on either side, edged with a fine gold cord; the basque slightly longer on the hips than was worn last year.

A useful and inexpensive shopping dress is made in fine black serge with long stitched draperies on the skirt, the bodice having either Norfolk plaits back and front, or a yoke and full gathers below, a belt confining the fulness at the waist. A check cloth has been completely cut on the cross skirt and bodice, and both quite plain.

Odds and Ends.

SOME NEW FANCY-WORK.

A novel idea for a quilt is to get a large square of some dark thin material, such as Turkey twill, or fine cashmere of a dark shade of crimson, or any other color that will suit the appointments of the room in which it is to be used.

Sateen is to be had in prettier shades of color than almost any other material, but has the very great disadvantage of soon fading.

The quilt I am describing is only a square to lay on the top of the bed after it is made, over the ordinary white quilt. These ornamental coverlets are rarely made of full size.

The material will not be wide enough to be made up without joins, but if they are neatly done they will not show much after it is embroidered. When the square is ready, a piece of white or brown Turkish towelling must be tacked very flatly to it, then a border and four handsome corners in a good bold design traced on it.

This tracing may first be done with colored powdered chalk, and then put in darker with a paint brush dipped in ink or dark paint. These lines must next be followed with knitting cotton, either white or of any color that will suit the rest of the work. If a coarse cotton is chosen, one strand at a time will be sufficient; if not, two, or even three, must be used.

The cotton is laid down on the outline, and held in position by the left hand; a needle threaded with fine white flourishing thread is brought through from the wrong side close to the line knitting cotton, is taken over it, and put through the material again to the wrong side. This catches the cotton down to the material, and may remind experienced workers of the process of couching in church embroidery. The thrown-over stitches should be placed about the eighth of an inch apart. When all the lines are traced out in this way, the Turkish towelling must be cut away outside the pattern with a sharp pair of scissors close to the lines of knitting cotton.

Finally sew down a very fine red cord close to the outlines already worked, but outside of them so as to hide any small raw edges that may be left where the towelling was cut away.

Tendrils, veins of leaves, thorns, sprays, and such small details of the pattern must of course be added afterwards, as they are too fine and delicate to bear doing in applique.

This work looks very well carried out entirely in red and white, a border of red and white tassels alternately being added around the edge. Brown bath towelling may be used with advantage instead of white, as it does not catch the dust so.

Many varieties of this work might suggest themselves to a clever worker, and indeed the same style applies equally well to bedroom curtains, and the toilet covers may be worked to correspond.

The general air of a bedroom now is not white, as it used to be a year or two ago. Most of the draperies are colored and ornamented as much, but in a different style, as are the draperies of a drawing-room or boudoir.

Embroidery on cotton materials with crewels is but little used now, but a new style of this has lately been introduced. The chief part of the embroidery is done in the usual way, but the foundation is worked over in a novel manner.

Sometimes the foundation is covered over entirely with darning stitches in a pale shade of color, but a prettier way still is to fill it all in with loose buttonhole stitches. These are done in rows and left very loose, the second row is taken through the stitches of the first row, the third row through those of the second, and so on until the whole of the foundation is covered with a fine open network.

There is likely to be a rage this season for brocade of all kinds, and happy are those who have antique pieces hoarded up ready to be turned to account. However, people do not seem able to satisfy themselves with the simple richness of the brocade itself. The main outlines are traced out with very fine gold thread, and certainly a great many pretty articles may be made of such scraps.

A new style of work for satin cushion covers is carried out entirely with the finest Japanese tinsel. The designs best adapted for this work are leaves of various kinds, which should be ironed off in the usual way. All the outlines, veins of leaves, stems, etc., are followed with tinsel carefully and flatly laid on, the general effect, when finished, being that of a group of gold skeleton leaves. Spiders' webs may also be introduced among the leaves with good effect, and the work may be carried out with fine sewing silk if it is thought pleasanter to work with than the gold. Nothing could look prettier or more uncommon than a handkerchief, glove and nightdress sachet, all en suite, of cream-colored satin embroidered with these leaves, and lined and quilted with the palest, most delicate shade of pink or blue.

[Concluded next week.]

THE use of dollars to stud the floor and counters and ceilings of bar-rooms and barber shops is said to date from the enterprise of a Chicago barber. He studded the floor of his shop with silver dollars. They soon wore so smooth and dull that he concluded it would be cheaper to dig them up than to hire a boy to point out the antique distinction.

Confidential Correspondents.

M. F. W.—Black is not used universally as mourning. In China white is used on such occasions.

SALE.—It is the duty of the tenant to take his rent to the landlord. The landlord can issue a notice as soon as default shall be made.

H. NICH.—The flushings of the face you speak of are purely nervous. Try and inculcate habits of self-confidence, and pay less attention to your feelings, which are, after all, imaginary.

A. C.—According to your statement of the case, you did nothing but what was proper. It was right for you to refuse to accept injurious accusations against your friend as true, and to demand proof of their correctness.

SPECS.—Chippendale was a famous furniture-maker in the reigns of Anne and George I., of England. Genuine Chippendale furniture is of his make. But the "real Chippendale" of the old-furniture shops comes mostly direct from the workshop in the back premises.

PHILOMATH.—No doubt there is a certain prepossession in favor of small ears; but shape and delicacy are more important for beauty in this respect than mere size. Protruding ears are decidedly ugly. We do not think clever or learned people have bigger ears than the other Christians; the familiar analogy of the domestic donkey would seem indeed to point in the opposite direction.

DANE.—The legend of Margaret of Cortona, treats of a Magdalen whose final penitence was so deep and touching that she was at length canonized; and for the sake of her humility she took for her special symbol the daisy, called after her the Marguerite, a name which it still bears both in France and England. But the legend is not entirely historical. "Margaret" means originally a pearl, and daisies seem to have been so called by a mere pretty poetical fancy as being, so to speak, the pearls of the meadows.

CASSIOMIA.—The white cockade on the left-hand side of the red Phrygian cap of Liberty was a compromise between Royalism and Republicanism adopted during the brief days of Constitutional Monarchy at the outbreak of the great French Revolution. Louis XVI. accepted the constitution amid a universal outburst of short-lived loyalty. The white cockade was the royal symbol, and it was added to the Phrygian cap of the extreme party in recognition of the constitutional union expressed in the catch-words, "La Nation, la Loi, le Roi." The Nation, The Law, The King. 2. The thirteen stripes in the American flag represent the thirteen original States; and the stars equal at any given moment the number of States then in the Union.

E. GRIMES.—We must respectfully refuse to believe that your own interpretations of Scripture are divinely inspired. On the contrary, they appear to us extremely far-fetched. Other persons have interpreted prophecy before just as confidently and widely as you do, and the facts of history have long since falsified their interpretations. We can remember when Napoleon III. was going to do wonderful things in the world; Napoleon III. is dead and buried now, but the wonderful things have not yet happened. We have seen it admiralty proved that the world must come to an end in the year 1260. We do not say there was a flaw in the argument, but in 1867 we begin to suspect it. Be more cautious and less confident. Wiser men would hesitate to prophesy as precisely as you do.

UNHAPPY.—No sensible person should heed a scandal-monger. Long experience has taught us that a woman who tattles is never heeded even by those who pretend to be interested in her stories. Gossip amuses an acquaintance for an hour or so, and then the acquaintance goes away and forgets all about the matter. People say, "Who told you that?" "Oh, Mrs. Blank!" Then a smile of intelligence passes, and Mrs. Blank's news is rudely received. Let the gossip say her say, and on no account take any notice. The more she talks the less she will be believed. As for you, laugh the story away. If you show that you are frightened, she will torture you, trample on you, triumph over you; but, if you are heedless, she will soon go in search of more amusing game. Defiance is the weapon to use; do not be rude, do not be ostentatiously heedless, but quietly, calmly treat the woman as if she were dead. In a month the scandal will end, and the scandalmonger be abashed.

MARGARET.—You are one of the foolish girls who apply to us on an average once a week, always with the same incredible story. Three or four times a lover asks you to accept him. You reject him each time with prompt decision. He begs; you crush him; and then you are astonished that the man believes your reiterated "No," and does not understand that you meant "Yes" by it. After he has got tired of being scornfully refused, you would give your eyes to marry him. And yet you are far too proud and shy ever to let him see that you care for him. Well, then, we have only one bit of advice to give you. You must put your pride and shyness into your pocket, and meet him frankly and affectionately half-way, or he will never in any likelihood take any further notice of you. If a girl had treated us as you have treated him, we confess we should never have taken so much pains about her as we did. So there you have our full mind on the matter!

R. BENDA.—The superstition about the unluckiness of peacock-feathers belongs to a large and well-known class—the class of those which have to deal with the idea of Nemesis. You must not be too prosperous, or too lucky, or too sure and confident about anything, lest some unknown evil should suddenly fall upon you. When you show off, you are certain to fail. If you bring about anything, you will infallibly lose it. If you praise your house, your horse, your goods, your children, you will bring down on yourself the vengeance of the "good people." Your house will be burnt down, your horse will stumble and break his leg; your goods will be stolen; your children will grow up wicked and ugly. This superstition still survives freely in modern life; it is considered unlucky to say you are lucky, to boast of your good fortune, to make too much of yourself or your belongings in any way. Now the peacock is the proudest and most ostentatious of feathered birds, and his plumes in the East are regarded as a royal decoration, and employed for making the fans and standards carried before kings and other high and mighty potentates upon state occasions. Hence for a private person to keep them in his house or use them for the adornment of his humble rooms is to give himself airs with rank contumacy; it savors of sin and provokes Nemesis. Pride comes before a fall. Avoid peacock-feathers, and you will be virtuous and happy.